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THE
CHRISTMAS TREE

FOR ALL



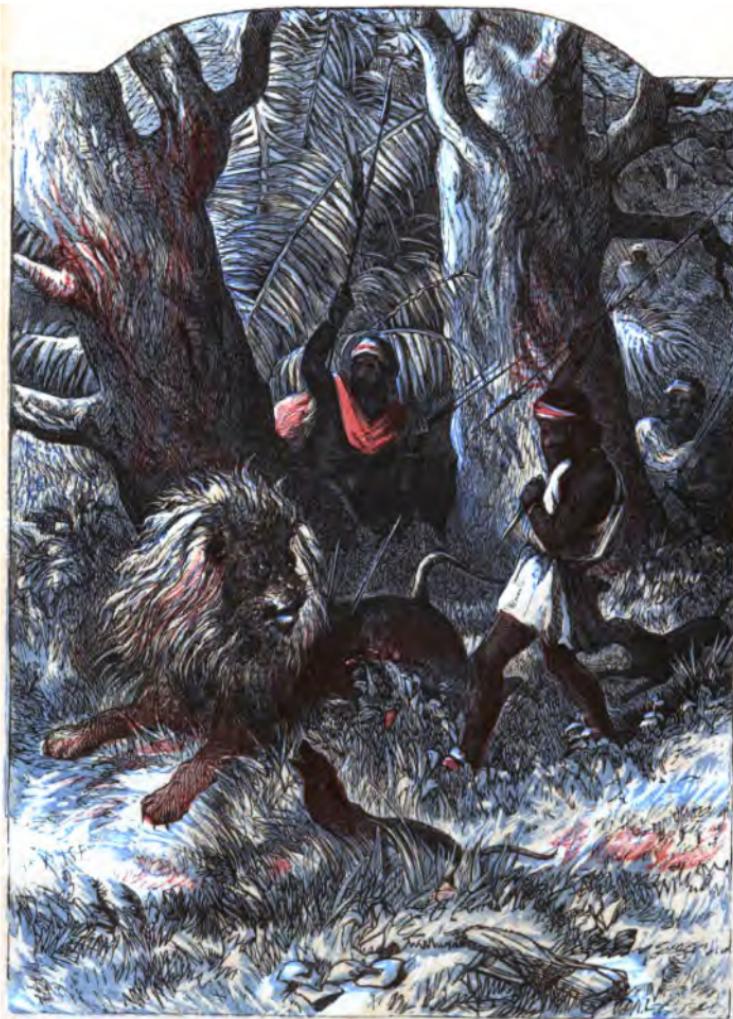
YOUNG PEOPLE

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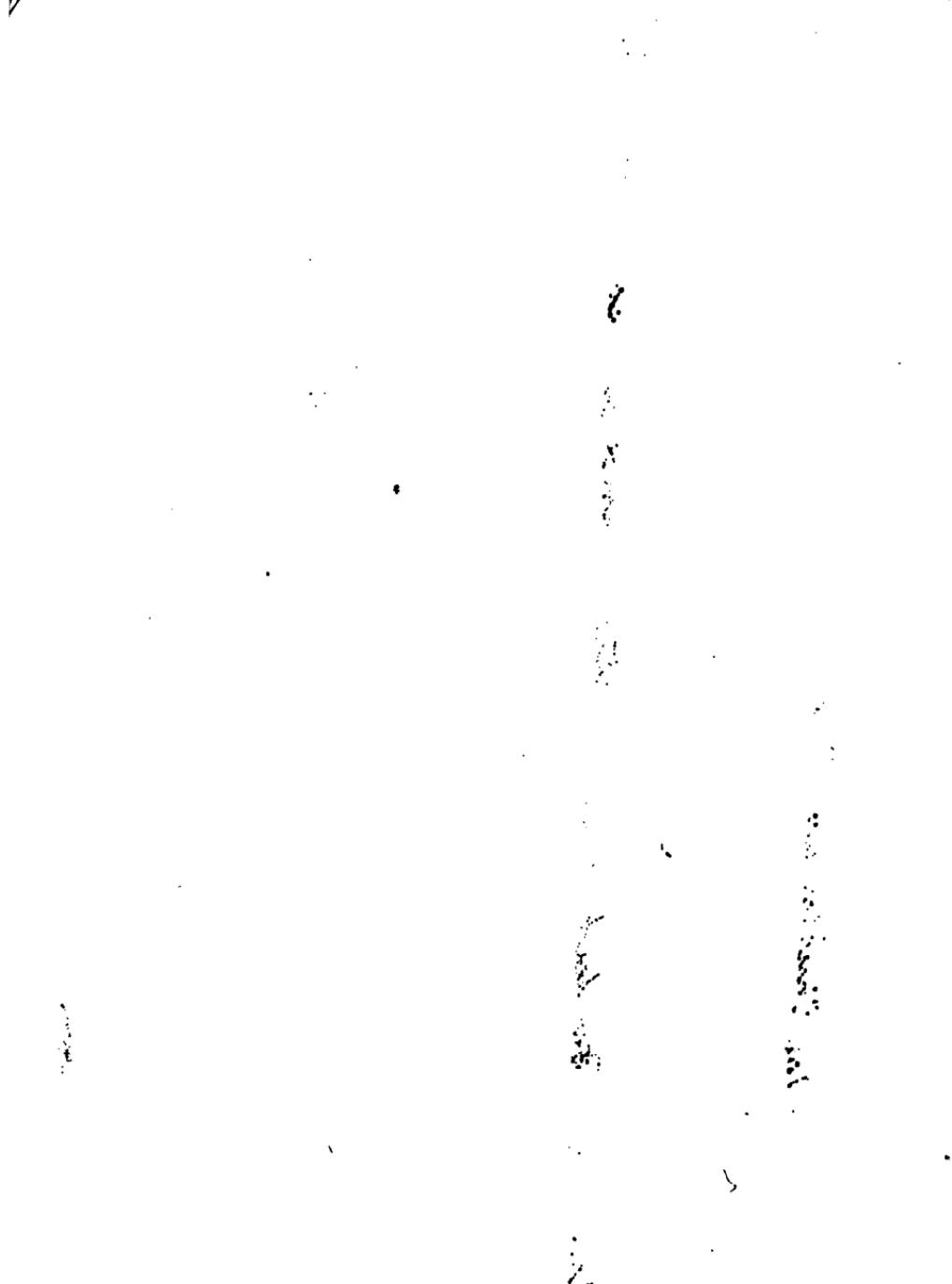
THE LION HUNT.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE



The St. Bernard Dogs.

LONDON
JAMES BLACKWOOD
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THE CHRISTMAS TREE:

BOOK OF INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

FOR ALL YOUNG PEOPLE.

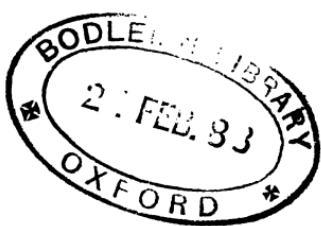
WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.



LONDON;
JAMES BLACKWOOD, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCLIX.

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TO

EMILY EVERETT,

AND

MY LITTLE NIECES AND NEPHEWS,

AND

TO ALL AMIABLE CHILDREN,

This Christmas Gift

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY

THEIR WELL-WISHER,

THE EDITOR.



PREFACE.



THIS, the fourth year's issue of my little Annual, will, I trust, be received with no less favour than its predecessors. It has been my delightful task to write and prepare many books for youthful readers—books which, without pretension I may now say, have been welcomed in thousands of homes in all parts of the world. At this delightful season of the year it is the custom—and a good old custom it is—of parents and guardians, uncles, aunts, brothers, and sisters, to make presents to the youthful portion of their families. What present so appropriate—what present so acceptable—as a book full of pictures and pleasant reading? To prepare such a book has employed my leisure during the autumn months; and now, when the snow is on the ground and the robin comes begging at the garden door—now, when the lights and the music of Christmas make glad the hearts of both young and old—now, when we celebrate the birth of

Him who came humbly into the world and was laid in a manger, “because there was no room in the inn”—now, when joy and happiness preside twin guardians at our firesides, and attune all hearts to good-fellowship and kindness, —it will add a new pleasure to the festival if I feel that my labour in the compilation of this volume will meet its due reward in the welcome accorded to it by hosts of appreciative readers.

G. F. P.

CHRISTMAS, 1858.

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THE CHRISTMAS TREE.



History and Antiquity of Christmas.

—o—

CHRISTMAS comes, the time of gladness
Which our fathers gave to mirth,
Then no room had they for sadness—
Joyous at the Saviour's birth !
Then each homestead, deck'd with holly,
Bay and ivy leaves, was seen ;
Winter's brow of melancholy
Cheering with a chaplet green.

Then kind looks of pleasure beaming,
 Blazing hearth, and festive fare ;
 Hearts with social feeling teeming,
 Welcome joy and banish care.
 While with early salutations
 Loud the parish bells were rung,
 And in tones of gratulations
 Many a village carol sung.



HIS great festival may be traced to the times of the Apostles as having been observed on the 25th of December. Previous to the fourth century, a slight difference existed between the Eastern and Western Churches as to the day on which this feast should be kept, the Eastern keeping it on the 6th of January, and the Western on the 25th of December; the matter was referred to the Apostolic See, and it was decided that the feast should be universally kept on the 25th of December.

The practice of decorating churches and dwelling-houses with evergreen and flowers is of very early date. At the time that our blessed Saviour made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, He permitted the people to use palm branches as a token of rejoicing; therefore, when His nativity was celebrated, and the promise fulfilled to fallen man, it was only natural that this symbol of joy should be used by the people.

After the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas were observed as solemn

religious festivals; from the highest to the lowest of the land, the rites of hospitality were carried out to the greatest extent. Among the Saxons there existed a custom of quaffing ale and mead at their feasts; this seems to have been changed by Rowena, the fair daughter of Hengist, presenting the king, Vortigern, with a bowl of wine, saluting him, "Lord king, Wass-heil," to which he answered, "Drinc-heil," and, being smitten with her charms, he afterwards married the fair cup-bearer. Hence we have the first *wassail-bowl*. The followers of Odin and Thor used to drink largely in honour of their Pagan deities, and, when converted, persisted in doing the same in honour of the saints.

The feast of Christmas was kept throughout the entire continent of Europe; and ecclesiastics were accustomed to send eulogies to kings, queens, and others of royal blood. In the year 800, Charlemagne received the imperial crown from Pope Leo III. on the festival of Christmas. He was then hailed as Emperor of the Romans. Our own King Alfred was accustomed on this festival to make munificent gifts, and many important treaties were signed, and events reserved for celebration, on this festival.

Dancing seems to have been then, as now, a favourite Christmas amusement.

At Christmas, 1065, Westminster Abbey was consecrated in the presence of Queen Edgitha and a great number of nobles and priests, Edward the Confessor being ill and unable to attend. He died on the 5th January following, and was buried on the 6th in Westminster Abbey.

William of Normandy now ascended the throne of England, and with the Anglo-Norman kings was at once introduced

increased pageantry and pomp into our Christmas festivities. William was crowned on Christmas day, 1066.

“On Christmas day in solemne sort,
Then was he crowned here,
By Albert, Archbishop of Yorke,
With many a noble peere.”

The term Christmas is taken from the Latin *Christi missa*. The festival extends from the 21st December, feast of St. Thomas, to February 2nd, feast of the Purification, thus including the feast of the Holy Innocents, or Childermas day ; the feast of the Circumcision, New Year’s day, and that of the Epiphany, or Twelfth day.

The plants used at Christmas are various—anything evergreen, according to some authorities, may be used for the decoration of houses or churches ; but there are a few which seem more especially peculiar to this joyous season—such are the laurel, the holly, the ivy, the mistletoe, the bay, the fir, the box, cypress, and the rosemary ; and, from remote antiquity, these all have had a symbolical meaning. The laurel speaks of victory ; the holly of vigour, and its glowing berries at once of affection and good works ; the ivy, which clings with such tenacity to that which affords it support, would suggest to us a close adherence to our Christian duties ; the mistletoe, having medicinal virtues, would remind us of Him whose birth we so joyfully celebrate, and its white berries—gems in the crowns of poets—remind us that our thoughts should not be of earth ; and so might we—did space not fail us—portray lessons from each of the others. Nor are the yule log and candles less expressive as symbols ; their original design was, doubtless, to commemorate the light which shone

on the plains of Bethlehem, apt emblems of Him who came as a “light to lighten the Gentiles.” The *yule* log was to be lighted with a brand saved from the previous year, symbolical of perpetuity, introduced with music and ceremonies. The following words were sung during the ceremony :—

“ Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing ;
While my good dame, she
Bids you all be free,
And drink to your hearts’ desiring.”

The truth of Christianity was symbolized by its light also, and the spirit of charity is truly emblemed by its heat and warmth.

A set of characters, called the Children of Christmas, and, sometimes, Twelfth-night Characters, formed a kind of mask, which, under the command of the “Lord of Misrule, Christmas Prince, or the Abbot of Unreason,” were introduced as allegorical representatives of the principal characteristics of the season.

Anciently there was in the king’s house, wherever he lodged, at the feast of Christmas, a “lord of misrule, or master of merry disport ;” and the like also was there in the house of every nobleman of honour or good worship, whether spiritual or temporal. Among them, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London had their several lords of misrule, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the most pastime to divert the beholder. These lords began their rule, or rather misrule, on All-Hallows eve, and continued the same until Candlemas day, in which space there

were fine and subtile disguisings, masks, and mummeries, with playing of cards for counters, nails, and points, in every house, more for pastime than for gain.

The titles which these Christmas monarchs give themselves are really amusing. The following were borne by him who sustained the character of the lord of misrule before that lover of pageantry and flattery, the stately Elizabeth :—

“ The high and mighty Prince Henry, Prince of Purpoole ; Archduke of Stapulia and Bernardia ; Duke of High and Nether Holborn ; Marquis of St. Giles and Tottenham ; Count Palatine of Bloomsbury and Clerkenwell ; Great Lord of the Cantons of Islington, Kentish Town, Paddington, and Knightsbridge ; Knight of the most heroical Order of the Helmet, and Sovereign of the same.”

In the records of Norwich we find the following account of a Christmas pageant, under the date of 1640 : “ John Hickman, a worthy citizen, made disport with his neighbours and friends, and was crowned King of Christmas. He rode in state through the city, dressed forth in silk and tinsel, and preceded by twelve persons habited as the twelve months in the year, their costume varying to represent the different seasons. After King Christmas followed Lent, clothed in white garments trimmed with herring-skins, on horseback, the horse being decorated with trimmings of oyster-shells, being indicative that sadness and a holy time should follow Christmas revelling. In this way they rode through the city, accompanied by numbers in various grotesque dresses, making disport and merriment—some clothed in armour, carrying staves, and occasionally engaging in martial combat ; others dressed as devils, chased the people ;

others wearing skin dresses, and counterfeiting bears, wolves, lions, and other animals, and endeavouring to imitate the animals they represented in roaring and raving."

Jugglers are now seldom seen at Christmas, and the Galantee show is, for the most part, "a bygone tale," though both held a distinguished place in the celebration of ancient Christmas. Many also of our Christmas sports have disappeared, being not polite enough for this refined age, though several still remain; and some, we have no doubt, which have disappeared may yet be revived.

I must not conclude without a reference to the Mummers, as they are called, or the maskers of ancient times. These were the never-failing attendants upon Christmas; they assumed various characters, grave as well as gay, and were the source of much innocent merriment and healthful laughter.

A custom now prevails in Yorkshire and a few other counties, which had its origin in very remote times. The poor of the district visit the farmers and sing carols; and the farmer, in return, presents each with a pint of corn. This is called Mumping.

In the reign of Henry II. there is a Christmas order extant, directing the keeper of his wines at York, the sheriff, to deliver two tuns of white wine, and one tun of red wine, for him at the ensuing Christmas. Henry III., then in his twenty-sixth year, ordered the sheriff of Gloucester to obtain twenty salmons, to be put into pies at Christmas, and the sheriff of Sussex to buy ten brawns, ten peacocks, and other provisions, for the same purpose.

The boar's head was the first and most distinguished of the Christmas dishes at court; indeed the dish itself is of most ancient dignity, and was introduced with great ceremony and pomp, and ushered into the court and the banquets of nobles by sound of trumpet, and a procession of the principal underlings *en suite*; and the following stanzas were duly chanted during the *début* of the dish:—

“ The boar's head in hande bring I,
With garlandes gay and rosemary;
I pray you all sing merrily,
Qui estis in convivio.”

“ The boar's head, I understande,
Is the chefe servyce in the lande;
Loke wherever it be foude,
Servite cum cantico.”

“ Be gladde, lords, both more and lasse,
For this hath ordayneid our stewarde
To chere you all this Christmasse,
The boar's head with mustarde.”

This carol, with certain innovations, is yet retained at Oxford and other places.

Many of the modern observances of Christmas, having lost their ancient spirit, have become little else than meaningless caricatures of their originals. In no part of the kingdom are the festivities of Christmas more fully observed than in Yorkshire. There, if anywhere, we find a shadow of the ancient splendour, and more than a shadow of the ancient hospitality. The good cheer provided at Christmas is of no stinted quantity. The Christmas pie, generally composed of

a goose or two, with half a dozen fowls, is a standing dish ; and yule cake and cheese is in general request both there and in the neighbouring county of Lincolnshire. The yule log and the Christmas candle are still lighted, and the dish of frumenty smokes upon the board. It used to be the custom for the bakers to present each of their customers with a small present of wheat on Christmas eve, and for the chandlers to present them with a candle.

In Cornwall and Devonshire there is a system of saluting the apple-trees, which is thus described : “ In some places the parishioners walk in procession, visiting the principal orchards in the parish. In each orchard one tree is selected as the representative of the rest. This is saluted with a certain form of words, which have in them the air of an incantation. They then either sprinkle the tree with cider, or dash a bowl of cider against it, to ensure its bearing plentifully the ensuing year : evidently a copy of the ancient custom of the solemn invocation of God’s blessing on the fruits of the earth.”

A custom is common in Herefordshire : “ On the eve of old Christmas day there are thirteen fires lighted in the corn-fields of many of the farms, twelve of them in a circle, and one round a pole much larger and higher than the rest, and in the centre. These fires are dignified with the names of the Virgin Mary and Twelve Apostles, the lady being in the middle ; and, while they are burning, the labourers retire into some shed or outhouse, where they behold the brightness of the apostolic flame. Into this shed they lead a cow, on whose horns a large plum-cake has been stuck, and having assembled around the animal, the oldest labourer takes a pail

of cider, and addresses the following lines to the cow with great solemnity :—

“ Here’s to thy pretty face, and thy white horn ;
God send thy master a good crop of corn ;
Both wheat, rye, and barley, and all sorts of grain,
And next year, if we live, we’ll drink to thee again.”

After which the verse is chanted in chorus by all present. Then they dash the cider in the cow’s face, when, by a valiant toss of her head, she throws the plum-cake to the ground, and if it falls forward, it is an *omen* that next harvest will be good ; if backward, that it will be unfavourable”!

I need hardly say that every country has its especial peculiarities. My space forbids me to notice all of them ; but the following bears so strong a resemblance to the lord of misrule of ancient, and to the Twelfth-night king of present, times, that I am sure my readers will be glad to find it here : “ At Selenica, in Dalmatia, according to Fortis, they elect a king at Christmas, whose reign lasts only a fortnight ; but, notwithstanding the short duration of his authority, he enjoys several prerogatives of sovereignty—such, for example, as keeping the keys of the town, of having a distinguished place in the cathedral, and of deciding upon all the difficulties or disputes which arise among those who compose his court. The town is obliged to provide him with a house suitable to the dignity of his elevated situation. When he leaves his house, he is always compelled to wear a crown of wheat-ears ; and he cannot appear in public without a robe of purple or scarlet cloth, and surrounded by a great number of officers. The governor, the

bishops, and other dignitaries, are obliged to give him a feast, and all who meet him must salute him with respect. When the fortnight is at an end, the king quits his palace, strips off his crown, and returns to his hovel. For a length of time this pantomimical king was chosen from amongst the nobles ; at present it has devolved on the people."

There are some pastimes which, if not peculiar to this season, never fail to make their appearance at it. The play of St. George was, and still is in some parts, a general favourite with the juveniles at Christmas. It is very probable that this representation took its rise from the Crusades.

Among the amusements of the Christmas evenings, are blindman's-buff, hunt-the-slipper, questions and commands, snapdragon, forfeits, and several others, which are most efficient ministrants to fun and frolic. I should be sorry to see these innocent games discarded ; but it will be as well to give one word of caution to my juvenile friends. Never adopt any play which is likely to produce terror or affright among your companions. The appearance of persons dressed in white sheets, or in other frightful forms, has been known to produce the most disastrous results.

Story-telling is also a favourite diversion at this season ; and it is never so charming as when some old grandmother or gossip will undertake to become the tale-teller of the evening. This also deserves encouragement ; and it is especially useful whenever the story told tends to the development of some virtue, or the elucidation of some careful moral, in ordinary life.

Then there is the diversion of the mistletoe-bough.

Carols, too, are of very early date ; indeed, the first Christmas carol may be said to have been sung by the angels to the shepherds, on the night of the nativity, when they chanted in seraphic strains the well-known “ Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will towards men.” We have many very early Christmas carols founded on the appearance of the angels to the shepherds ; and this subject was also, during the early and middle ages, the subject of public representations.

In the fourth century, St. Ambrose introduced the chant known by his name ; and in the sixth was introduced the Gregorian chant, which gave a great impetus to psalm and carol singing, and church music generally. When the Anglo-Normans obtained sway, they equally encouraged music, and greater pomp and ceremonial in religious worship, which have gradually progressed until our own day. It is recorded in the year 1201, that King John gave twenty-five shillings to his clerks, who chanted “ *Christus vincet* ” before him on Christmas day. Edward IV. had regulations for the singing of songs before Christmas : thus the carol had its origin, and by this time had been commonly adopted in this country.

In the time of Henry VII., after the introduction of the wassail-bowl, a carol was given in answer to the steward’s cry of “ *Wassail*.” The reward given to the children of the royal chapel for singing the “ *Gloria in excelsis* ” was forty shillings. In the household book of the Princess Mary there is an item which proves that the makers of Christmas carols were not so well paid as the singers of them. One Sir Mark had three shillings and fourpence given to him for composing

five square books of carols. During the sixteenth century, carol-singing seems to have increased, most probably from the development of the science of music.

An old carol, which seems to have some reference to the visit of the Magi, was at one time a universal favourite. It begins thus :—

“ I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day, on Christmas day ;
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day in the morning.”

The practice of carol-singing exists also in Ireland, and the wild pathos of their songs, and the spirit and earnestness with which they tune them, are evidences of their lively faith and fidelity to Him whose nativity they commemorate.

I have hardly left myself space to refer to carol-singing on the Continent, but France, Spain, Belgium, and Italy, can claim an equal rank with ourselves. Indeed, some of their carol-compositions are far superior to any in our language, and many of them are of earlier date than our own. A few carols are still sung in some of the less frequented streets of our metropolis by a most wretched class of ballad-mongers, who bawl them out without any regard to harmony, and less still to the spirit of their subject.

Of all the customs that appear to me interesting on this hallowed day, that of boys going to the houses of friends and neighbours “ Christmas boxing,” as it is called, is not the least so ; in some districts the first boy who comes is called the “ early bird,” and receives a few pence and a piece of plum-cake and cheese ; those who arrive after him have no money, or very little, but must be content with the cake and cheese.

Among the blessings of this transitory state of existence, there are few which an Englishman more values than his dinner, and we may be sure that a Christmas one leaves no guest under the disagreeable necessity of "dining with Duke Humphrey." It would be ridiculous to give a detailed account of the viands provided on this occasion, since they are generally known. We meet here with the alderman in chains, vulgarly called a turkey, Madam Goose, various members of the Fowl family, Sir John Sirloin, Sir Simon Brown, Sultan Plumpudding, Sultana Mincepie, Sir John Barleycorn, and many other distinguished guests too numerous to mention. If these do not give satisfaction, it is the fault of the cook or guests ; at any rate none of these honourable personages are at all to blame. Well, this is the dinner, or a part of it : how it is to be discussed we leave the appetites of the visitors to determine ; all we say is, let peace, harmony, and good-will be the waiters ; and let the rules of temperance be strictly adhered to. In another portion of this year's "Christmas Tree" I have pursued the subject of Christmas Customs.



By-and-Bye.

—o—



HERE'S a little mischief-making
 Elfin, who is ever nigh,
 Thwarting every undertaking,
 And his name is "By-and-Bye."
 What we ought to do this minute
 "Will be better done," he'll cry,
 "If to-morrow we begin it"—
 "Put it off," says By-and-bye.

Those who heed his treacherous wooing
 Will his faithless guidance rue—
 What we always put off doing,
 Clearly we shall never do.
 We shall reach what we endeavour,
 If on "Now" we more rely;
 But unto the realms of "Never"
 Leads the pilot "By-and-Bye."



Lion-Hunting.

—o—



THE Lion, as most of my young readers know, is an inhabitant of Africa and the warmer parts of Asia. It stands at the head of the feline or cat tribe, and is universally known as the king of beasts. In India, the hunting of lions and tigers was formerly a popular diversion. Of late years, however, the number of wild beasts to be found in the vicinity of towns has so much decreased that a lion-hunt is a comparatively rare event, except in the more distant and thinly inhabited districts of the Madras Presidency. The Marchioness of Hastings tells a good story of a lion-hunt in India, which I shall here transcribe. The noble lady was herself the heroine of her exciting story :—

“The field was taken in quest of three lions, supposed to be lurking near the tents. The ground was flat and ploughed. When we came to the edge of the jungle, we halted a little; the people came round in crowds, and in a few minutes the trees were covered with men, placed there by Fraser for observation. When we were sent for, we found Fraser by the

side of the great canal—he had received intelligence of both a lion and a tiger, and he desired Barton and myself to go down upon an elephant, watch the bed of the canal, and move slowly to the south, while he advanced in a contrary direction. The rest of the party were to beat the jungle above, which was too thick to admit the passage of an elephant through it. We fell in with Fraser where the canal was a little wider, and neither of us had been successful, though we had searched every bush with our eyes, in passing along. He desired us to wait till he had mounted the bank to look after the rest of the elephants. He had hardly gone away before a lioness crossed the narrow neck of the canal, just before us, and clambered up the opposite bank. I fired, but missed her, and she ran along the bank, to the westward. We turned round, and had the mortification of seeing her again go through the water, at which our elephant became refractory, wheeled about, and was so unsteady as to prevent us from firing. We followed her up to the thicket, put the elephant's head into it, and we heard the lioness growling close to us. Just as we were expecting her charge and had prepared our guns, round wheeled the elephant again, and became perfectly unmanageable. During the scuffle between the elephant and his driver, we heard the cry that the lioness was again off. She again crossed the nullah, and just as we had got our elephant to go well in, the lioness ran back, and crouched under a thicket on our left, where she had been originally started. All this happened in less than a minute. Fraser then called to us to come round the bush, as the lioness being in a line with us, we prevented him from firing. Just as we got out of his reach, he fired, and when

the elephant stopped I did the same. Both shots took effect, and the lioness lay and growled in a hollow, mellow tone. After a few discharges she tried to sally forth, but her loins were cut to pieces, which was fortunate for us, as her fore parts seemed strong and unhurt. She reared herself upon them, and cast towards us a look that bespoke revenge, complaint, and dignity. Her head, half averted from us, was turned back, as if ready to start at us, if the wounds in her loins had not disabled her. As it was now a mercy to put an end to her sufferings, I took a steady aim, and shot her through the head. She fell dead at once, and her lower jaw was carried away ; she was drawn up the bank and pronounced to be two years old. She had thrown one man down, and got him completely under her with his turban in her mouth, when a shot grazed her side. She immediately left her hold and crossed the canal, where we first perceived her."

Stories of encounters with lions and tigers abound. It is curious, remarks Mr. Waterton, that animals of the dog kind destroy their prey in a manner very different from the mode adopted by creatures of the cat kind. All animals of the dog tribe, he tells us, must be combated with might and main, and with unceasing exertion, in their attacks upon man ; for from the moment they obtain the mastery, they worry and tear their victim as long as life remains in it. On the contrary, animals of the cat tribe, having once overcome their prey, cease for a certain time to inflict further injury upon it. Thus, during the momentous intervals, from the stroke which has laid a man beneath a lion, to the time when the lion shall begin to devour him, the man may have it in his power to rise again ; either by his own exertions, or by the fortunate

intervention of an armed friend. But then all depends upon quiet on the part of the man until he plunges his dagger into the heart of the animal ; for if he tries to resist, he is sure to feel the force of his adversary's claws and teeth with redoubled vengeance. Many years ago, Colonel Duff, in India, was laid low by the stroke of a Bengal tiger. On coming to himself, he found the animal standing over him. Recollecting that he had his dirk by his side, he drew it out of the case, in the most cautious manner possible, and by one happy thrust quite through the heart, he laid the tiger dead at his side.

The particular instance, however, to which Mr. Waterton alludes, and which was told him by the parties themselves, is now briefly given : The weather was intolerably sultry. After vainly spending a considerable time in creeping through the grass and bushes, with the hope of discovering the place of the lion's retreat, they (the party) concluded that he had passed quite through the jungle, and gone off in an opposite direction. Resolved not to let their game escape, Lieutenants Delamain and Lang returned to the elephant, and immediately proceeded round the jungle, expecting to discover the route which they conjectured the lion had taken. Captain Woodhouse, however, remained in the thicket, and as he could discern the print of the animal's foot on the ground, he boldly resolved to follow up the track at all hazards. The Indian game-finder, who continued with his commander, first espied the lion in the covert, and pointed him out to the Captain, who fired, but unfortunately missed his mark. There was now no alternative left but to retreat and load his rifle. Having retired to a distance he was joined by Lieutenant Delamain, who had dismounted from his elephant on

hearing the report of the gun. This unexpected meeting increased the Captain's hopes of ultimate success. He pointed out to the Lieutenant the place where he would probably find the lion, and said he would be up with him in a moment or two.

Lieutenant Delamain, on going eight or ten paces down, got a sight of the lion and discharged his rifle at him. This irritated the mighty king, and he rushed towards him. Captain Woodhouse now found himself placed in an awkward situation. He was aware that if he retraced his steps, in order to put himself in a better position for attack, he would just get to the point for which the lion was making, wherefore he instantly resolved to stand still, in the hope that the lion would pass by at a distance of four yards or so, without perceiving him, as the intervening cover was thick and strong. In this, however, he was deceived; for the enraged lion saw him as he passed, and flew at him with a dreadful roar. In an instant, as though it had been done by a stroke of lightning, the rifle was broken and thrown out of the Captain's hand, his left leg at the same moment being seized by the claws, and his right arm by the teeth, of his desperate antagonist. Lieutenant Delamain ran up and discharged his piece full at the lion; and this caused the lion and the Captain to come to the ground together, whilst the Lieutenant hastened out of the jungle to reload his gun. The lion now began to crunch the Captain's arm; but the brave fellow, notwithstanding the pain, had the cool and determined resolution to lie still. The lordly savage let the arm drop out of his mouth, and quietly placed himself in a couching position, with both his paws upon the thigh of his fallen foe. While

things were in this untoward situation, the Captain unthinkingly raised his hand to support his head, which had got placed ill at ease in the fall. No sooner, however, had he moved it, than the lion seized the lacerated arm a second time, crunched it as before, and fractured the bone still higher up. This additional *memento mori* from the lion was not lost on Captain Woodhouse ; it immediately put him in mind that he had committed an act of imprudence in stirring. The motionless state in which he persevered after this broad hint, showed that he had learnt to profit by the painful lesson.

The two Lieutenants were now hastening to his assistance, and he heard the welcome sound of feet approaching ; but unfortunately they were in a wrong direction, as the lion was betwixt them and him. Aware that if his friends fired, the balls would hit him, after they had passed through the lion's body, Captain Woodhouse quietly pronounced, in a low and subdued tone, "To the other side ! to the other side !" Hearing the voice, they looked in the direction from whence it proceeded, and to their horror saw their brave comrade in his utmost need. Having made a circuit, they cautiously came up on the other side ; and Lieutenant Delamain, whose coolness in encounters with wild beasts had always been conspicuous, from a distance of about a dozen yards, fired at the lion over the person of the prostrate warrior. The lion merely quivered ; his head dropped upon the ground, and in an instant he lay dead on his side, close to his intended victim.

Voices !

—o—

The Voice of the Wind !

In summer eve softly tuning its sound,

Quelling the anxious sigh for those at sea ;

The Voice of the Wind !

Yelling o'er the graves of the drown'd,

Friends we no more shall see—

Sigh on in peace ! roar in thine agony !—

Dread voice !

The Voice of the Brook !

With tiny murmur gently meand'ring on,

Whisp'ring soft music to the mind serene ;

The Voice of the Brook !

Speaking of joy that is for ever gone,

Of sorrow that hath been—

Babble thy tale through wavy meadows green,—

Sweet Voice !

The Voice of the Lov'd !

Laughing in gladness—sighing in sad grief—

Singing the minstrel song or lullaby ;

The Voice of the Lov'd !

Breathing into the soul the blest belief

In Him above the sky ;

Whispering in manhood's ear of days gone by ;—

Dear Voice !

The Voice of the Mind !
Urging the inmost soul to noblest deeds ;
Piercing the ether—sounding from pole to pole ;
The Voice of the Mind !
Uttering evermore bright truth that feeds
The docile, searching soul ;
Lend us thy aid to reach the wished-for goal !—
Blest Voice !



The River and the Canal.



—o—

LORDLY river rolled its waves through a lovely country, now meandering among hills, now foaming over rocks, now compressed within a narrow channel, and pushing onward, deep and still, beneath the shadow of overhanging cliffs ; and now widening into a placid lake, whose waters sometimes slept in lucid beauty, and sometimes leaped flashingly on their course, eddying, dimpling, and laughing in the sun. As the stream pursued its career it grew more broad and majestic, and, conscious of its grandeur, it was proud. Along its banks a canal had been cut, which went onward in a straight, narrow line. Its waters were neither deep nor clear, nor were its shores enamelled with flowers and guarded with rocks and sloping banks, nor painted with lavish verdure.

“O thou vile drain !” exclaimed the river ; “what dost thou by my side ? Art thou here to amuse me with thy rude and vulgar face, or to set off, by contrast with thy homeliness, my wild and graceful beauty ?”

“ River,” replied the canal, “ thy ridicule, I do not deserve. Humble as I seem, I compete with thee in serving the purposes of the Creator. Yes, vain stream ! swell in thy banks an’ thou wilt, and roll thy stately waves with haughty pride,

yet know that thy very graces render thee useless. Men cannot follow thee in thy wanton irregularities, nor work their boats up thy cascades and foaming current. Thou art as a noble genius, whose flights delight the eye, but are wasted upon useless designs. I supply thy place. I, by means of those very qualities which raise thy ignorant mirth, am thy superior. The wealth of the land floats upon my bosom; I bear the form of beauty on her gay career. These high objects of thy ambition I have attained in silence; and, while men admire thee, they seek assistance from me alone. They would rather a thousand times that thy silver waters should waste away, thy fountain be dried, and thy channel dwindle to a dusty valley, than that injury should happen to one of my rough gates, or a yard of my homely banks be broken."

The river was silent a few moments under this rebuke, for its pride was but that of nobleness and genius, and it felt the force of reason, even from an inferior.

"Thou hast spoken boldly, and not without truth, good stream," it at length replied; "but beware lest thou, from the success of thy drudgery and time-serving nature, thy lowly construction for one purpose, and for one alone, cherish a pride as insolent as mine and far less just. I confess thou art more useful than I for the commonplace mechanical emergencies of life. Thou accomplishest the designs of avarice and ambition. Thou bearest the traveller directly on his journey; thou addest to the wealth of cities; but man made thee, and thou art useful to man. But I exert higher influences than any within thy sphere of existence—than any within the compass of thy understanding. From the instant when I gush from the earth, and leap, bubbling, flashing, and

singing, on my journey, I display myself one of the most beautiful creations of Providence. Everywhere I come I bring joy, health, riches, beauty. In my bosom innumerable living creatures enjoy their existence, and far and wide around me the vegetable world acknowledges my presence in abundant harvests, bright verdure, viewless perfumes! What vast tracts of land do I thus at once beautify and enrich! What summer forests bless my approach! What a world of flowers hail me as their friend! Then, though thy dull mind cannot follow me so far, what a feature am I in a summer landscape! With what rapture the painter gazes on me. How the poet marks my wandering, and with warmer gratitude adores his Creator! Think not that because thou hast been made a willing and useful slave to man, that thou canst therefore justly aspire to a rank above me, from whose bosom the sun drinks up the clouds which decorate the heavens and refresh distant places with cooling showers. Roll on thy muddy waters, and keep to thy menial task. Each to his duties. Thy toils are valuable, but out of my idle meanderings Providence works some of its greatest designs."



Do Good!

Good men are pillars of the earth—the valiant and the strong,
Who battle with the deeds of sin, of darkness, and of wrong—
Whose helmet is their love of truth—their armour, hate of crime;
Then, brother, make their warfare yours, and untold bliss is thine.

Do good: The grain of mustard-seed thou scatterest in the earth
Shall to a thousand priceless gems give unreluctant birth;
Like springs upon a barren land, like sunshine to the cloud,
Thy deeds shall come; and earth shall tune thy praises long and
loud.

Do good: To banish Envy's reign, and Hatred's threefold power,
And foul Corruption's withering blast—the blight of every hour;
Stem grosser thought and wanton pride—outstretch thy willing
hand

To plant Religion's purity in this, God's pleasant land.

Do good: To stay the raging sea of Crime, whose stormy wave
Round youth's frail barque tempestuous rolls—stretch out thine arm
to save

The weak, the helpless, and forlorn, from Sin's engulphing tide,
And more than conqueror thou shalt be through all the world
beside.

Do good: And let thy kind words lull the weary heart to sleep,
And dry the fountains of those eyes which sorrow maketh weep;
Love's gentle words be thine to turn the hard, rebellious will,
And sceptic hearts shall yield—confess that God is with us still.

Do good: A world of human joy shall flood thy spirit o'er,
And those unfeignedly rejoice bow'd down with grief before.

Do good—and airs from Eden land shall their sweet voices bring
To bless thee in thy pilgrimage and guide thy wandering.

The Dog of St. Bernard's.

—o—



HE Dog of St. Bernard's belongs almost exclusively to that district of the Alpine mountains lying between Switzerland and Savoy, and is seldom seen out of it. The finest specimens of these dogs now in England are the property of Mr. Albert Smith, who brought a couple home with him from Switzerland in 1853. If ever you have been to the Egyptian Hall to hear his lecture on the ascent of Mont Blanc, you will probably have seen those noble fellows.

I must first tell you, though, that the passes of these mountains are very steep, narrow, and dangerous, and that sometimes precipices of more than a hundred feet deep lie on one side of the pathway, and rocks of frozen ice and snow tower up on the other side. In some places the path is overhung with great snow crags, which sometimes get loose and fall down, occasioning those fearful avalanches that are the dread of the Alpine shepherds. Should the traveller be fortunate enough to escape the dangers of the avalanche, the path is covered up by the fall of these snow-rifts, and he knows not

which way to go, but wanders among those dreary and solitary passes until the shades of evening overtake him.

He now stops, worn out with fatigue and doubt as to what course to take. This pause is fatal, for as long as he was walking he could keep himself comparatively warm, but these regions are so cold, that very soon after the traveller ceases to exercise his limbs they are benumbed, and a drowsiness, that he cannot shake off, steals over him—he sinks down and sleeps to wake no more on earth. The snow falls, and he is soon entirely concealed from view.

On the side of Mount St. Bernard, near one of the most dangerous of these passes, is a convent, where dwell a number of good men, who make it their business to rescue and assist unfortunate travellers who may meet with accidents in their vicinity. These devoted men also rear and train the breed of dogs called Alpine spaniels. These animals are very sagacious, and every night, particularly if the wind blows, some of them are sent out. They traverse all the paths about the mountains, and their scent is so keen that they can discover the traveller, even if he is buried several feet beneath the snow.

As soon as the dogs find any one in the snow, they begin to utter a deep bark, which the monks hear, and immediately come to their assistance. The dogs commence digging and scraping away the snow, and in this way, if not buried too deep, they frequently succeed in uncovering the body. Generally a flask of some kind of cordial is fastened round their necks, and if the wanderer has strength sufficient, he partakes of it until more effectual assistance arrives. Numbers of travellers have thus been saved from death by these

good men, and their interesting and intelligent dogs. One of these dogs, who was called Barry, had a medal tied round his neck as a mark of his great merit, for he alone had saved the lives of forty persons. He at length died, following his noble vocation. I will tell you how Barry lost his life.

One very stormy day, a courier, or messenger, who carried letters and messages over the mountains, arrived at St. Bernard. His family, consisting of a wife and five children, lived in the village of St. Pierre, which was situated in the valley beneath the mountain. The courier wished very much to get home to them, and, notwithstanding the persuasions of the monks, who told him they feared he would be lost, he insisted upon pressing on. These benevolent men, finding that he would not listen to them, at length provided him with two guides, each having one of the Alpine dogs to accompany him. One of these was Barry. The whole party made their way down the mountain, and were going on merrily enough, when, suddenly, an avalanche of snow descended and completely buried them. A similar unhappy fate overtook the family of the poor courier as they were travelling up the mountain in the hope of obtaining some news of the husband and father. Sir Edwin Landseer made a fine picture of this noble dog Barry, with a little boy on his back, whom he saved from being frozen to death. This is a very interesting story, and I will tell it to you as it was told to me.

Pierre Autrun was a peasant, living in one of the beautiful valleys at the foot of the Alps. He had a wife and one little son, whose name was Antoine. Now Antoine was a bright curly-headed little fellow, about nine years old, full of life and fun, and so good-natured and obliging that

everybody loved him. His mother was a good woman ; and that probably accounts for his being so good a boy—for good mothers nearly always have good children. Antoine had a pretty dog, which one of the neighbours had given him ; and all his leisure time was spent in playing with Frolic—which was the dog's name—and in teaching him little tricks. Antoine had at one time quite a fancy to be a surgeon ; and, finding some sharp stones, he called these his surgical instruments. Frolic was the subject upon whom all his imaginary operations were performed ; and laying him upon his back on a table, the young would-be surgeon would pretend to bleed him, set his broken limbs, and sometimes amputate one of them, then take up the arteries, bandage the limb, draw teeth, and, in short, make-believe to do everything in the way of surgery that he had ever heard of. Frolic had been taught, just as soon as he was laid upon the table, to put all his legs out, and make himself as stiff as possible. Antoine then pretended to cut off his head, which, as soon as the sharp stone was passed across his neck, would fall on one side, and Frolic would actually appear as if quite dead. Each of his legs then underwent a similar operation, and one by one would lose their stiffness, and fall as if perfectly powerless. This little dog might be called ever so loudly by others during this time, but he would not move until Antoine spoke to him, when he would jump from the table, and caper round, as if perfectly delighted at coming to life again. When Antoine was nearly ten years old, a sad accident happened to Frolic, which greatly grieved his young master, who could never procure another dog that would learn as readily.

One day Antoine's father and mother went to make a visit about a mile away from their home, and Antoine went with them. Frolic was left to guard the house; for, notwithstanding those valleys are so pleasant and lovely in themselves, yet bad people are sometimes found there; and, as Frolic was an excellent watch-dog, he was left to take care of the premises. Pierre and his family had not been gone many hours before two men of very suspicious appearance came in sight. As soon as Frolic saw them he began to growl; and when they attempted to get into his master's cottage, he sprang upon them, bit them, nearly tore off their clothes, and did everything in his power to drive them away. The largest of the two struck him with a heavy stick, and broke one of his legs. Of course this caused him great pain; but the faithful fellow, limping upon three legs, flew upon the other, who was getting into the window, and bit him so severely that he was obliged to desist. Frolic continued barking so loudly that some of the neighbours heard him, and came to see what was the matter. The robbers now ran off, and made their escape, but not until they had given poor Frolic a blow on the head which caused his death. When Antoine came home and found him dead, he sat down by his side, and wept as if his heart would break. It was his first loss, and he could not get over it for a long time. He dug a grave, and placed Frolic in it with the utmost tenderness; and then he planted flowers over it, and took great care of them as long as he lived in that place. But, alas! poor Antoine was to sustain a far greater bereavement than that of his dog; and in connection with that loss we shall learn more about Barry.

One pleasant day Pierre Autrun set out to cross a portion of the mountains, to do some business at a village some distance from his home. His wife and Antoine thought they would accompany him part of the way, as the day was so fine. They had not proceeded far, however, before a sudden change was perceptible in the atmosphere, and one of those storms which rise so unexpectedly among the Alps came upon them. Pierre was well acquainted with most of the passes in the mountains ; but this time the storm came on so rapidly, and covered the paths so soon, that, after wandering about for a long time, he was compelled to say to his wife and child that he dared not proceed any further, lest they should fall over some of the precipices. He well knew that if they sat down without shelter, they should freeze ; and he could think of no other course but to pray to his Father in heaven to guide them out of their perilous situation. At length he found a place where they could be sheltered, in a measure, by an overhanging rock, and, creeping as close together as possible for the sake of warmth, they waited, hoping that the storm would abate, and that they then could find the path. It did not cease, however ; and as Pierre and his wife grew colder, they placed Antoine between them, that as much heat as possible might be imparted to him from their bodies, and made every effort they could to keep him and themselves awake. A drowsiness which they could not resist soon came over them, and they were in a short time buried in a deep sleep. The storm continuing, the good monks sent out their dogs as night came on. Barry headed the troop, and, before long, the monks heard his bark, which they could easily distinguish from the rest. They attempted

to follow in the direction of the sound, that they might assist any traveller he had found, but the storm was so dreadfully severe that they were driven back.

With sorrowing hearts they returned to the convent, and, heaping more fuel on their hospitable hearth, awaited the event. Sometimes they heard Barry's bark, and then all would be still. Once they imagined that they heard the cry of a child ; but, not hearing it repeated, they supposed they were mistaken. Hours wore on, and all the dogs but Barry had returned to the convent. The monks considered this very singular, as he was generally the first to come back if no bodies were to be found. In the morning the sun came out brightly, and the monks started forth to look for their trusty and valuable favourite ; they did not fear the dangers of the way now the light of day shone upon them. They carefully searched every path in the vicinity, and called loudly and long for Barry, but no Barry came ; and, with much regret, they were obliged to give up the pursuit. About twelve o'clock in the day, one of the family, upon going to the door, thought he heard Barry's bark, but it was so feeble that it could scarcely be recognized. In a short time, however, he was seen coming slowly and carefully along, every few moments uttering a soft, low bark. As he came nearer, the monks saw that he had something on his back, but what it could be, or how it came there, they could not imagine. Now, what do you think it was ? It was a little curly-headed boy, fast asleep, with his arms round Barry's neck. You may be quite sure that those small hands were very gently unclasped, and the boy as softly laid upon a bed, by the good monks ; and you may be just as sure that the

faithful and sagacious Barry was well cared for and caressed. They were obliged, however, to bring his food to the side of the bed where the little wanderer rested, as nothing would induce him to leave his charge. But, how did he find the boy? and how could he bring him over those dangerous paths? Well, as Barry could not tell his story himself, and the boy did not wake for a long time, I will tell you about the matter.

You will remember that we left poor Pierre Autrun, his wife, and Antoine, in a deep sleep under a cliff; you also remember that the monks sent Barry and the other dogs out as soon as night came on, and you know that they all returned but Barry. Now, those dogs which came back to the convent found no travellers to rescue; but Barry soon came to a heap of snow, and stopped—his keen sense of smell telling him some person was beneath. He commenced digging, and kept on, only stopping once in a great while to rest, for that work was very hard. Soon he came to an opening under a rock, and in this cavity, for the snow had fallen so as to leave quite a hole, he found Pierre Autrun, his wife, and Antoine. The sagacious animal soon discovered that the child was not dead; his life was probably saved by the care with which his parents had covered him, and by the warmth of their bodies. Barry immediately commenced licking Antoine's face, and continued doing thus, and gently pushing against him, until the boy opened his eyes. It was a long time before Barry accomplished this, and still longer before he could induce Antoine, by the signs and motions which he made, to get upon his back. The poor boy could not bear to go away from his parents, whom he had tried in vain to awake; and

perhaps Barry never could have induced him to leave them, but Antoine remembered that his father had told him one day about the good monks who lived in the convent, and also of the sagacity of their dogs when people were lost on the mountains, and, being eight years old, he thought the matter over, and considered if he could find the convent, perhaps the lives of his parents might be saved. He knew, of course, he should fall down the first precipice he came to if he tried to find the snow-covered paths ; and, seeing that Barry appeared anxious for him to get on his back, he determined to do so, and to trust to his guidance ; and, after covering his parents as well as he could, he mounted his novel but strong steed. Now Barry was well able to bear the weight of the boy, and seemed to be quite delighted as soon as Antoine was mounted. At first the dog trotted off at a pretty good rate, but he was soon obliged to move with more caution, on account of the dangers of the way.

Some time before he arrived at the convent, Antoine became very sleepy—for the air is so cold in those elevated regions that it always produces this effect upon anyone who remains long exposed to it,—and, clasping his arms firmly round Barry's neck, and leaning his head forward, he was soon fast asleep ; still his faithful companion kept on, and after a time arrived at the convent, where he was joyfully received by the monks, who quickly relieved him of his burden.

Antoine slept for a long time, but as soon as he awoke, he entreated the monks to find his parents and try to save them ; and his distress on their account was so great that these good men soon went in search of the lost parents, although they were quite sure they must be dead, or Barry would have tried

to induce some of them to return with him to the place from whence he had taken the boy. Barry again went before, as was his custom on such occasions, seeming to understand perfectly what was expected of him. The bodies of Pierre and his wife were soon found, and were carefully borne to the convent, where every effort was made to restore them, but without success. Poor Antoine was an orphan, and bitterly did he bewail his great loss. The monks comforted him as well as they could, but for a time he was inconsolable. Weeks and months passed on, and Antoine gradually recovered his cheerfulness; and, although he could not look upon the frozen faces of his parents ever without tears, yet he felt that he must bear his bereavement as well as he could, and not distress the good friends who had kindly offered him a home.

Perhaps you will ask how Antoine could look on the faces of his parents after they had been dead so long? In answer to this question, I will tell you, that persons who die in those cold regions become frozen so hard that decay does not take place as it does in warm climates; and on Mount St. Bernard there is a little chapel, around the walls of which the bodies of those unfortunate persons are placed who have perished in travelling over the mountains, or in storms, or by avalanches. The chapel has windows, before which iron grates are placed, so that no person or animal can get in to disturb the bodies; and if any one comes to the convent who has lost friends travelling over the mountains, and can find no trace of them before, by looking through the grates they can ascertain whether they are among the silent number ranged along the walls of the chapel. No change takes place in the appearance

of the bodies for years, and perhaps never, the atmosphere of the mountains is so cold and pure.

Antoine remained with the good monks for several years, till, having a desire to see more of the world, he left the convent, and visited foreign lands. It was hard for him to part with such kind friends, and harder to part with the good dog Barry, that seemed to love the child he had rescued more than any one else; but Antoine's desire to travel was so great that he could not be persuaded to remain. He met with many curious and interesting adventures, some of which you may have heard or read of, but none so strange as the one I have related.





Morning.

—o—

WAKE ! antler'd stag and dappled fawn—
 Greet the fair young blushing dawn,
 Before whose frank and radiant mien
 Ill-omen'd owls give place unseen.
 The feather'd choir, rejoicing, sing
 Sweet matins to their Heavenly King,
 And ebon-tress'd retiring night
 Rolls back the misty vapours white
 That curtain every heath-clad height ;
 While roses, and each scented flower
 That deck the sylvan maiden's bower,
 In new-born beauty, haste to bless
 Day's presence by their loveliness.

Sing, milkmaids, sing your carols blithe,
And, labourers, ply your busy scythe;
The huntsman seeks some far-off glade;
The hen her snow-white gift hath laid;
Gone forth already the toiling bee,
Whilst sailors brave the surging sea,
And wild goats cross the thymy lea.
Wake, merry children, wake and play,
As God designed, the live-long day,
And, with grateful hearts, united raise
Choral anthems of prayer and praise!
New hopes, new strength, new vital powers,
Are found in morn's first dewy hours.
Then, drowsy mortals, wake, I say—
For here I may not long delay;
But swiftly speed my upward flight
To other realms on wings of light!





Life.

—o—



IFE bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its grassy border.

The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is alone a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and made miserable by some

equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and dependence are both vain.

The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us: we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens us towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted around us; and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our further voyage there is no witness, but the infinite and the eternal.

And do we still take so much anxious thought of future days, when the days which have gone by have so strangely and uniformly deceived us? Can we so set our hearts on the creatures of God, when we find by sad experience that the Creator only is permanent? or shall we not rather lay aside every weight and every sin which doth most easily beset us, and think of ourselves henceforth as wayfaring persons only, who have no abiding inheritance but in the hope of a better world; and to whom even that world would be worse than hopeless, if it were not for our Lord Jesus Christ, and the interest we have obtained in His mercies.



Good Temper.

—o—

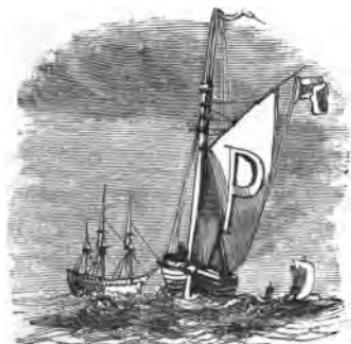
THERE's not a cheaper thing on earth
 Nor yet one half so dear ;
'Tis worth more than distinguish'd birth,
 Or thousands gained a year.
It lends the day a new delight—
 'Tis virtue's firmest shield ;
And adds more beauty to the night
 Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content ;
 To sorrow whispers peace ;
It is a gift from heaven sent
 For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn—
 It lulls you to repose ;
A flower for peer and peasant born—
 An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away—
To snatch the brow from care ;
Turns tears to smiles, makes dulness gay—
Spreads gladness everywhere ;
And yet 'tis cheap as summer-dew,
That gems the lily's breast ;
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possessed.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud,
When threat'ning storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins :
As springs an arch across the tide,
Where waves conflicting foam—
So comes this seraph to our side—
This angel of our home.





The Age of fishes.

—o—

ERHAPS there is no subject on which the naturalist has laboured with less success than in trying to ascertain the age to which the fishes attain. Admitting that an individual of any species were undisturbed by enemies, or unmolested by its own kindred, and quietly enjoying a circumscribed body of water, amply supplied with appropriate food, there is no reason for doubting that it would live for many centuries. We know of no limits to their longevity, nor can we suppose that the internal machinery would wear itself out, so long as the digestive organs were properly excited.

But the time must ultimately arrive when death will terminate their existence. Though admirably constructed for an uncommonly long life, they are not, nor can they be, exempted from the operation of the law, which by intelligent beings, is contemplated with the deepest feelings of awe and solemnity.

Pike and carp, in artificial ponds, have been repeatedly found, with gold rings in their fins, and other kinds of labels on which were found dates, that proved conclusively that a hundred years had elapsed since the inscriptions were made.

Gesner speaks of a pike that was known to be two hundred and sixty-seven years. It is affirmed by some of the French writers that several pike are in a pond which formerly belonged to the Duke of Orleans, father of the late king, so very aged that their original complexion is completely lost. They have become of a dingy hue, and actually give the spectator the idea of extreme old age.

Cartilaginous fishes have a still greater prospect of living to an advanced period. Instead of bones, their skeletons are elastic, having but a small portion of earthy matter in them. As the vessels secrete but little ossific matter, they do not become rigid, as in the land animal—the heart is in no danger of being converted into bone—indeed, we do not know why many of them might not live and continue to grow for a thousand years.

It was at one time thought that the circles discoverable on the ends of the vertebræ of the osseous tribes indicated the age—as the rings on the extremity of a log marked the years of the growth of the tree. These are, unfortunately, no guides ; and we therefore regret that we know of no mode, at the present day, of solving a problem of the highest interest to the curious. Of the marine fishes, the sharks, unquestionably, reach a truly patriarchal age.

Love On !

Love on, love on, the soul *must* have a shrine—
 The rudest breast must find *some* hallow'd spot ;
 The God who formed us left no spark divine
 In him who dwells on earth, yet loveth not.
 Devotion's links compose a sacred chain
 Of holy brightness and unmeasured length ;
 The world with selfish rust and reckless stain
 May mar its beauty and not touch its strength.

Love on, love on—ay, even though the heart
 We fondly build on proveth like the sand ;
 Though one by one Faith's corner-stones depart,
 And even Hope's last pillar fails to stand ;
 Though we may dread the lips we once believed,
 And know their falsehood shadows all our days—
 Who would not rather trust and be deceived,
 Than own the mean, cold spirit that betrays ?

Love on, love on—Creation breathes the words—
 Their mystic music ever dwells around ;
 The strain is echoed by unnumber'd chords,
 And gentlest bosoms yield the fullest sound.
 As flowers keep springing, though their dazzling bloom
 Is oft put forth for worms to feed upon,
 So hearts, though wrung by traitors and the tomb,
 Shall still be precious, and shall still love on.

Apprentices.

—o—



OYS who are learning trades, by pursuing a correct course, will make themselves contented and happy, besides securing the good-will of their masters.

Feel not, young apprentices, that no one cares for you, and that your situation is an unpleasant one. It is not so. Your master, although he says but little to you, is watching your conduct, and when you do well he remembers it. His friends have an eye upon you. If you err, it cannot be kept a secret long.

Always have an eye to the welfare of your master, and save all in your power for him. In his absence be the most particular to do what is right.

Have no bad associates. Wicked boys may ruin you. Be careful in whom you confide, and never be intimate with a youth who sustains a bad character.

Your evenings spend at home, or in some profitable society. Never stop at the corner of the streets to talk and laugh. Those youths who, night after night, congregate in particular spots, or waste their time and insult the passers-by,

seldom turn out well. We have always noticed that boys are more profane beneath the cover of the night than in broad day. Then they are concealed from sight, and show their evil propensities without fear of being detected.

Use no tobacco. The young man is unwise who puts tobacco to his lips in any shape. Your master will not approve of it, neither will your best friends. If you smoke or chew, you will lose much time, and find occasion to spend many a copper.

Read and study whenever you get an opportunity. Select books from which you can gather the most information. Occasionally place your thoughts upon paper.

In fine, young apprentices, do what is just and right. Look out for your master's interest; avoid bad associates; spend your time in profitable pursuits; and you will gain the good-will of your master, and be in the right path to usefulness and prosperity.



Australian Sketches.

—o—

SUMMER HILL CREEK.

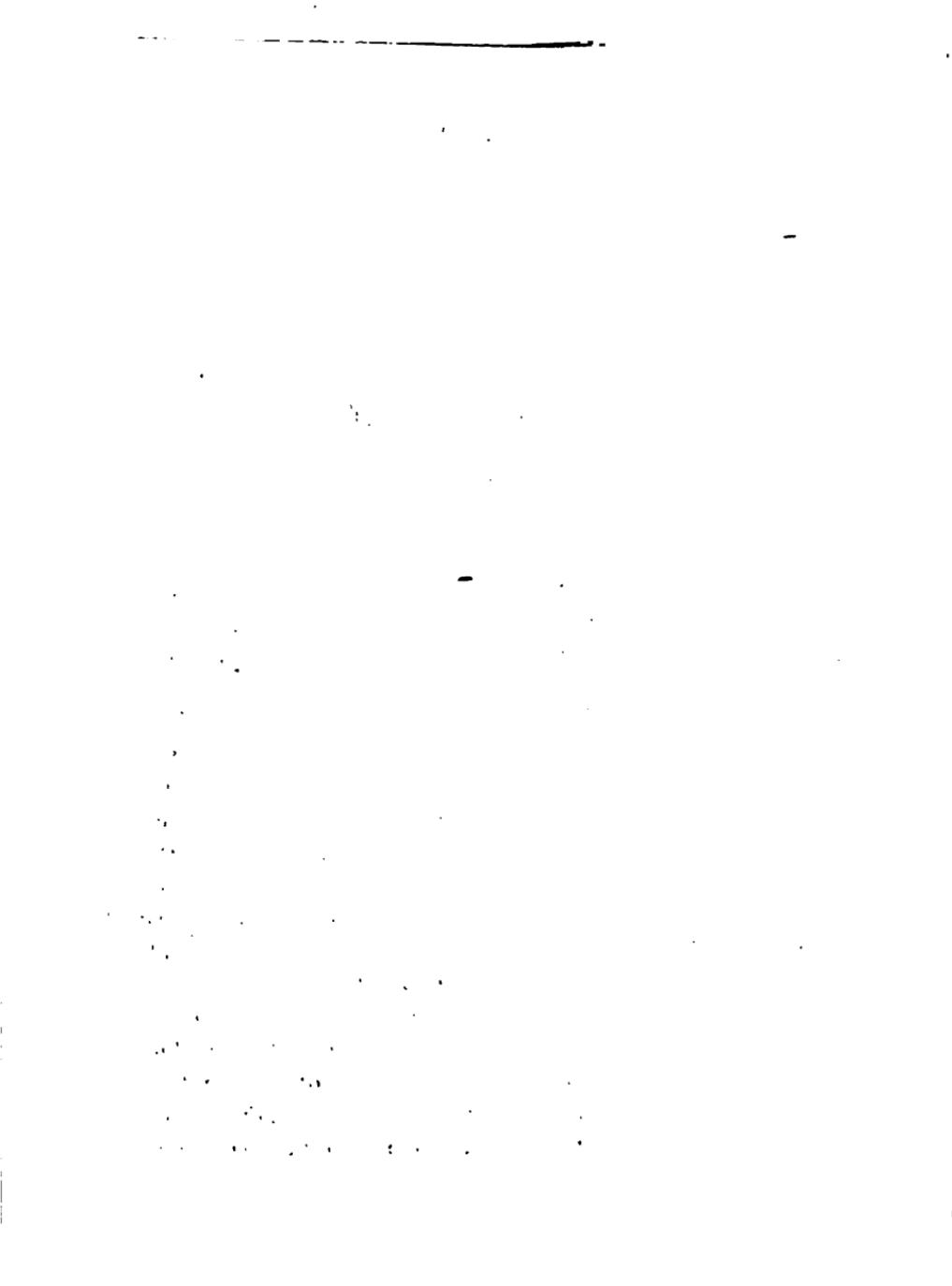


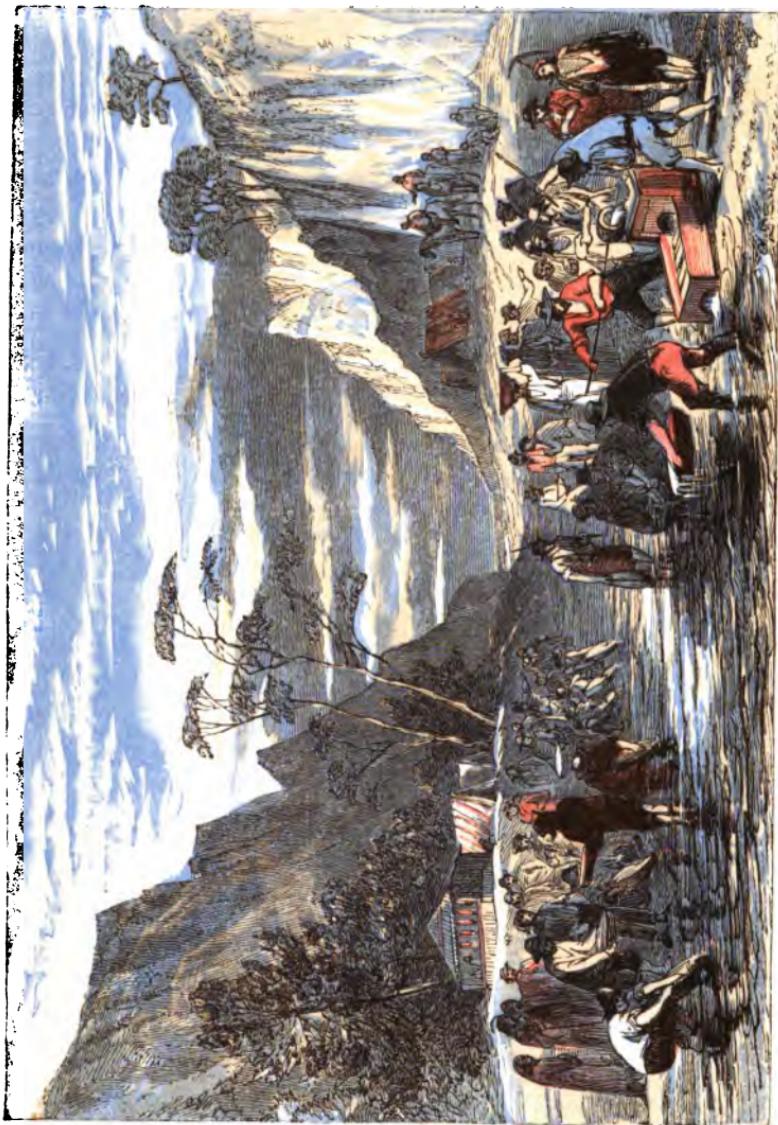
HE eyes of the whole world, and especially those of the poor and needy, have been for some years past turned towards the golden lands of Australia and California.

In the spring of 1851, when all the world was at the Exhibition at Hyde Park, the news reached England that a second El Dorado had been discovered on the side of the island of Australia, opposite to where the disastrous colony of Swan River was founded. People in comfortable circumstances pooh-pooh'd at the idea, and folks who should know something of geography persisted that the thing was likely enough, till the fact was certified by the arrival of some of the actual gold, which was forthwith exhibited in a glass case at the Crystal Palace, to the wonder and admiration of thousands.

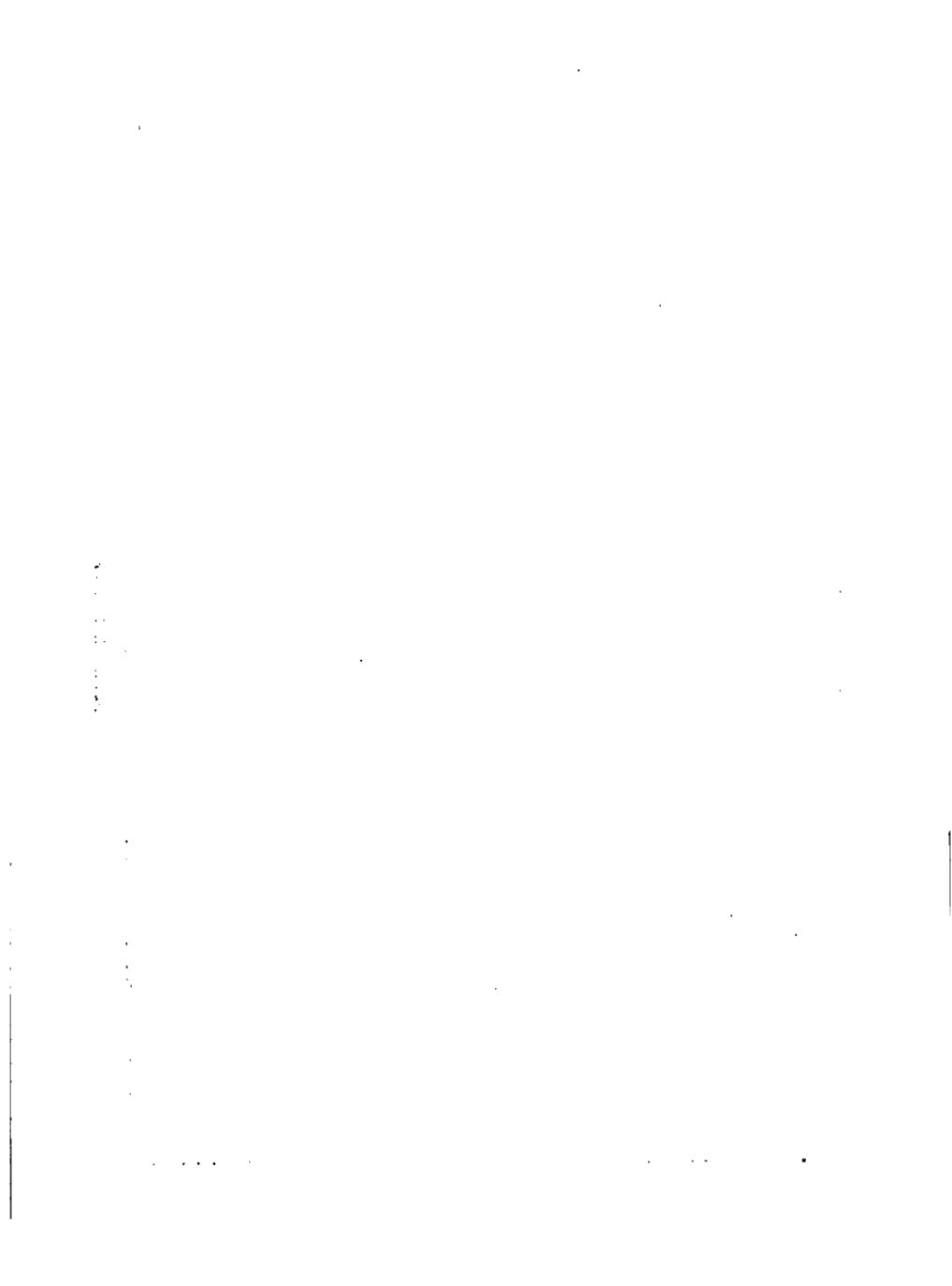
It appears to us, when we hear and read of Australia and the gold found in such abundance there, that too little attention is usually paid to the fact that the precious metal has







Summerhill Creek.



been, at some or other period of the world's history, discovered in nearly all parts of the world. The Egyptians and the Hebrews evidently possessed it in abundance. Darius of Persia, and Croesus of Lydia, drew tribute of gold and silver from their subjects. The ancients obtained it from Africa, just as we do now—from the mines of Nubia and Ethiopia, probably. The indefatigable Romans crossed the Pyrenees and penetrated Spain, and braved the seas, and conquered Britain in their search for gold. The Austrians and the Russians of old times dug deep down into the mines of Sweden and Norway, and Hungary and Siberia, and blasted rocks, and turned aside the courses of rivers, so that they might get rich all at once. In the fifteenth century Columbus discovered the "golden Americas;" and in the sixteenth, Pizarro conquered Peru, and Cortez overcame the great Montezuma of Mexico, and the Spaniards got drunk and debased, and finally ruined themselves, with the riches found so plentifully in the New World.

And, coming nearer to our own times, we know that the Dutch, in the last century, fitted out an expedition to California for the special purpose of discovering gold. They went, and found none, though they traversed the valley of the Sacramento through and through, and looked with eager eyes upon the "everlasting rocks of quartz," since discovered to be so rich in virgin gold; and so they came back and reported it "a barren and desolate land." Accident, we are told, produced the great Australian and Californian discoveries; but only unthinking men call those discoveries accidents. By the inscrutable will of an over-ruling Providence, it has been ordained, in many and varying periods of

history, that men should vacate the crowded cities of civilization and commerce to colonize the wilderness. It was needful that some powerful motive should impel the masses. In nearly all cases the real or supposed discovery of gold has supplied the stimulus. When the design was fulfilled, and the land was full of inhabitants, the gold insensibly shrunk away, and people employed themselves in other ways. How blinder than moles we are!

About the close of the year 1849, the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the graphic sketches we here introduce visited Australia. At that time the colonists were comparatively poor, and no hint of the gold discoveries had been given. Occasionally, bushrangers or escaped convicts brought a weighty lump of the precious metal into the towns, where they sold it cheaply and with a suspicious air; and the purchasers, directly concluding that it must have been the produce of some robbery—perhaps murder—in the bush, were therefore unwilling to ask questions, and quieted their consciences with the knowledge of having made a tolerably good bargain. As long ago as 1844, Sir Roderick Murchison, in his address to the Geographical Society, had predicted the presence of gold in Australia. Science, and not accident, led the professor to conclude that the great eastern mountain-chain of Australia was highly auriferous, from its geographical correspondence with the gold-fields in the Ural Mountains; and a Mr. Smith, of the Berrima iron-works in Australia, having read the account of Sir Roderick's opinion in an English newspaper, was induced to search for gold in his neighbourhood. He did search, and was partially successful. He brought the gold to the colonial authorities, and offered

to make the place of its discovery known for a reward of £500, but the governor, either disbelieving the report, or fearful of encouraging a gold fever, declined to grant his request; and so it remained for Mr. Hargreaves, who visited Australia in the early part of 1851, with the prestige of Californian experience, to re-make the discovery, and get the Government reward.

The first discovery of Australian gold was made at a place called Summer Hill Creek and Lewis Ponds River, small streams which run from the northern flank of the Conobalas to the Macquarrie river. The gold was found in the accumulated sand and gravel, especially on the inside and bends of the brooks, or at the junction of the water-courses, where the one stream would be checked by the flow of the other. And in this way is nearly all the surface gold discovered in Australia and elsewhere. At first, coarse, granular gold was found, a certain proof that the parent vein was not far off—existing, probably, in the quartz veins, traversing the rocks of the Conobalas. Soon after gold was found in other localities; sometimes in the shape of tolerably large nuggets or lumps, sometimes in fine thin scales, and at others as dust collected from the auriferous earth by repeated washings.

At the present moment, gold mining is carried on along the whole course of the Murray and Darling rivers, and their several tributaries, embracing the entire tract of country from Morton Bay to the city of Adelaide.



Blowing Bubbles.

—o—

HALF our sorrows, half our troubles,
 Making head and heart to ache,
 Are the fruit of blowing bubbles,
 Bright to view, but quick to break.

From the infant's cradle rising,
 All the bubble mania show,
 Oft our richest wealth comprising
 In the bubbles that we blow.

Brilliant, buoyant, upward going,
 Pleased we mark them in their flight,
 Every hue of Iris showing,
 As they glance along the light.

Still, the world are busy blowing
 Every one some empty ball ;
 So the seeds of mischief sowing
 Where to burst the bubbles fall.

Thus amusing one another,
 While the glistening playthings rise,
 We may doom a friend or brother
 To a life of care and sighs.

Do you doubt my simple story.
 I can point a thousand ways,
 Where this bubble-making glory
 Has its darkness hid in rays !

Christmas Games.

—o—



CHRISTMAS is the time for indoor games. Many of these have already appeared in the former issues of this little annual ; and in two books by the Editor—"Parlour Pastime," and "Games for all Seasons,"—a vast variety of these games have been explained. We now, supposing the blinds closed, a bright fire burning, and a pleasant company assembled, venture to present our young friends with yet a few more Christmas diversions.

THE TALE OF REAL LIFE.

One called "the Author," or the chief individual of the story, has prepared his tale beforehand. He then assigns to each of the company, or as many as will engage in it, a character, or even the name of some inanimate object occurring in the history. He relates his story ; and, when he has occasion to mention the name assigned, the person bearing it must immediately carry on the recital, and endeavour to bring in some other person, or, probably, the author again. If a person hesitates and can't go on, he forfeits. The author can

stop short if he pleases ; and, pointing to any one, expect him to give in a word, which should be at variance with the sense of what he is relating, and he must then endeavour at once to engrافت that word into his recital, as if it were quite suitable.

The game is continued until each one has two or three forfeits, or until the author fails, who pays three forfeits for one failure. *Example* : The Author—"The indulgent parents taking their offspring to see the Lord Mayor's Show." Characters previously fixed—Mr. and Mrs. Tootle, Tommy, Bobby, Betsy, and Sarah, Conductor, Omnibus, Cheapside, Policeman, Man in Armour, Flagbearer, Lord Mayor, Pieman, &c. Make Mr. Tootle speaker. "Now then, come along, my dears ; splendid day, 'pon my word. Now, do make haste, Mrs. Tootle." *Mrs. Tootle* : "Well, I'm sure, how you flurry one ; here's my shawl in such a mess—and my bonnet, I do believe the flowers have been all spoiled by that Betsy." *Betsy* : "O ma ! I never touched it, but I saw it under the sofa, and Master Bobby—" *Bobby* : "Oh, there ! you story, I didn't ; you know, Tommy ?" *Tommy* : "Oh, here's fun, going to the show ! Somebody tie my handkerchief. Sarah !" *Sarah* : "You little bother, you, I'll tell your mother." *Mrs. Tootle* : "Now my dear children" (*children* being mentioned, all begin to talk at once, and Mrs. T. calls, in despair, upon Mr. T.) *Mr. T.* : "Now, really this is too bad ; but there, out with you, and stop the first 'bus." *Omnibus* : "Oh, here's a family coming ; they'll burst my poor old sides. Of course they'll say children take no room. I wish the conductor—" *Conductor* : "Going down, sir ? plenty of room," &c., &c. A

clever person can make this game exceedingly interesting, and vary the design, of course, according to the company.

THE BAR OF JUSTICE.

Four judges are chosen, and as many accusers as can be found. One is placed on a stool or behind a chair, as the criminal, blindfolded. An accuser says, "Most potent, grave, and reverend judges, the prisoner at the bar is placed there upon certain heavy charges ; he throws himself upon your lordships' wisdom to clear him." *Judges* : "Accusers approach, and declare your accusation." Two accusers, each separately, go to one judge, and declare to him what they deem the prisoner guilty of ; two others go to the next, and so on. Each judge proclaims to the prisoner what has been laid to his charge, and the prisoner (being allowed the use of his eyes) has to declare who has laid such and such a charge against him. If he fails to name one through all the accusations, he forfeits, and remains at bar. If he guesses, the person whom he discovers as his accuser is placed at the bar, and he becomes a judge. The *last* criminal (who must have two accusers) is condemned to perform some extraordinary task over and above his forfeits, in which the accusers share.

MESSENGERS

profess to come from various quarters to the master of the revels—from the kitchen, the drawing-room, the theatre, the West End, the Palace, St. Giles's, the Docks, &c., &c. ; and must relate some news stirring in the place from which they have come. They forfeit if they relate anything that could

not have happened where they came from, or if they repeat anything from another's account. Umpires or judges should be chosen to decide disputes.

COMPOSITION.

The chairman starts the subject—for instance, the composition of a Christmas pudding—by asking No. 1, “What's such a pudding made of?” No. 1: “Plums;” and No. 1 immediately asks No. 2, “What else?” No. 2: “Flour.” No. 2, to No. 3, “What else?” No. 3, “Suet,” and so on. When the chairman thinks this has been exhausted, he strikes his hammer, and says, “How are these things mixed?” which goes round in the same way. If, however, he changes the question, and a person proves the former one was not exhausted, the chair forfeits. Of course, if a person fails to answer he forfeits, and very little time can be allowed him, and the next person can answer instead. According to your company, the subject may be composition “of a novel,” “a newspaper,” “a *Times* leading article,” &c., &c.

SHADOW BUFF

is a modification of blind-man's buff, better suited to grown people than that well-known game. A sheet is hung up at some distance from the wall, where a candle is hanging, and each person passes between the candle and the sheet, so that his *shadow* is thrown thereon, and the *shadow buff* is to guess who it is. It is permitted to disguise the figure so as to throw a false shadow. All bad guesses go for forfeit, and at a good guess the person discovered becomes *shadow buff*.

DOUBLE MEANINGS.

One goes out of the room, and the others agree to a word such as "key—quay." He is admitted, and asks the company questions, so as to get at the word through their replies. "How do you like it?" "Strong." Another says "Bright." "What would you do with it?" "Fasten my ships to it. Make myself all right with it." "What is it made of?" "Iron, stone," and so on. Forfeits for bad guesses, and for bad answers to questions, or for repeating the answer of another.

KNIGHT OF THE WHISTLE.

The chapter is formed by twenty or more initiated, who sit in a large circle, leaving an opening. The Grand-Master blindfolds the neophyte in an outer room. In the meanwhile, every conceivable obstruction is placed in the intended path of the would-be knight (such as baskets, chairs, ropes, stools, &c.), who is then led in, and solemnly advised of the dangers besetting the path of the knight seeking glory, and exhorted to persevere; he is then led carefully through all the obstructions, generally kicking them right and left, and causing the most laughable confusion. When this has been exhausted, he is led to the circle of belted knights, and advised that now he has the most difficult trial of all to go through—a trial of patience. While he is thus being spoken to, some one slyly fastens a light whistle to his coat-tail, and he is now surrendered to himself to discover the party who blows the whistle, which, of course, is very unlikely, as each one gets behind and very carefully blows the hanging whistle; and it is generally some time before the discovery is made—five minutes should be allowed.

True Charity.

WHEN pity moves the heart of man
 Compassion to bestow it,
 Then let him do what good he can,
 And let no creature know it.
 E'en let him hide his own left hand,
 Lest it should mar the right one ;
 Thus will he do his Lord's command
 And find his heart a light one.

True charity by this is known,
 She spurns all adulation ;
 She seeks to find each heart a throne
 Well worth her occupation.
 Ay ! there she sits, her sceptre sways,
 And rules exempt from danger,
 To guide the hand of him who pays
 Love's tribute to the stranger.

Mankind too often give the gold
 That those around may hear them,
 To have their names in print enrolled,
 That all who read may cheer them.
 But charity—true charity,
 The gold from view conceals it,
 That none beside the gift may see,
 Nor yet the hand that deals it.

Then let the rich, who own the cash,
Relieve the wants of others,
Their hands in innocence wash,
And deem the poor their brothers;
Each, like a good Samaritan,
Draw near the pauper's dwelling:
Thus prove himself a Christian man,
By hunger's pangs expelling.

When pity moves the human breast
The widow's grief to calm it,
Good angels watch, at heaven's behest,
The action to embalm it.
Each little charitable deed
Blots out a host of errors,
Comforts man's heart in time of need,
And when Death mounts his sable steed,
He wears for him no terrors.



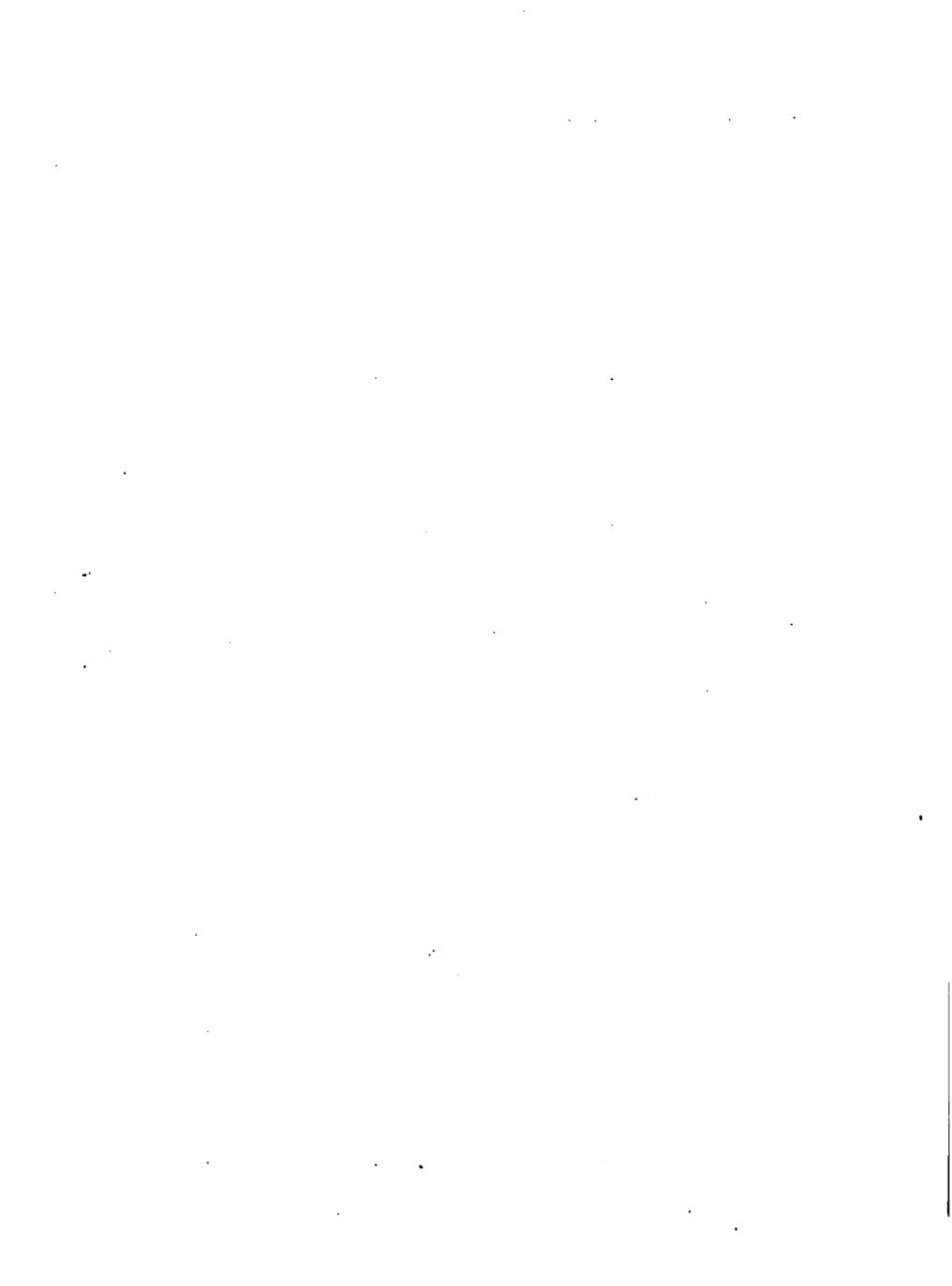
Australian Sketches.

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MOUNT ALEXANDER.



MOUNT ALEXANDER is one of the most prolific districts for gold in Australia. It is situated about forty miles from Melbourne, and enjoys a remarkably fine climate. Mr. W. Howitt, in his excellent book, called "Two Years in Victoria," tells us that during the time of his visit the miners were taking from the streams in its neighbourhood about an ounce of gold a day. Most of the precious metal is washed from the soil by means of what is called a "cradle;" a machine not very different in appearance from the wicker box in which Tom and Harry are rocked to sleep. In its primitive form, as used by the Chinese in Borneo, the Hindoos in the Dekkan, or the English in Australia, it is a box on rockers, and six or eight feet long, open at the foot, and having at its head a coarse grate or sieve. This kind of machine will employ four men—one digger or excavator, to raise the sand; another to





carry it to the grate of the cradle ; a third to rock or shake it violently ; and a fourth to pour on water. The use of the sieve is to keep the coarse stones from going into the cradle, while the current of water washes away the earthy matter, and the gravel is gradually swept out at the foot of the machine, leaving the gold mixed with a heavy fine black sand above the first cleats. The sand and gold mixed together are then taken away, and the sand being dried it is blown away, whilst the gold remains free behind. The gold thus obtained is, according to quantity, put into quills, bottles, or bags. Cradles of large size in California have peculiar names. A cradle nine or ten feet long is called a Long Tom ; but some miners use the Virginia Burke Rocker, employing quicksilver to amalgamate the gold. Quicksilver mines exist at New Almaden, in California, and small quantities have also been found in Australia.

It will be perceived that the cradle is only carrying out the process which nature has pointed out. As the gold, thinly disseminated in the rocks, is washed out of the rubbings of the primary formations, and carried down the river until it lodges against some bar or ledge, where its greater weight causes it to fall to the bottom of the sand or river-bed, so is the gold sand passed through the cradle, and the gold is lodged against the cleat or bar of the cradle, the gold being always at the bottom of the stream, and only able to pass in suspension when mixed up with a quantity of lighter mineral.

We will suppose a party of diggers to have got over all the difficulties of the road, and to have arrived safely at the gold-field. There are river or wet diggings, and road or dry diggings. Unless they are so fortunate as to arrive at a time

when some new diggings have been discovered, and before all the "claims" are occupied, the miners will have to "prospect" in search of one; so, while some are left in charge of the property, others, provided with pick-axe, spade, and prospecting pan, start on the prospecting tour. The pan is merely a large round flat-bottomed shallow tin dish, into which, as soon as they come to what they consider a good place, they will throw a spadeful of earth and stones; carrying it down to the stream they will dip it in the water and shake it, allowing the particles of gold, if any, to descend by their weight through the upper layer of agitated earth and stones; then, holding it so that the water may carry off the earth through which it will have passed, they again dip it in the water, and repeat this simple process until the earth is all carried away and the gold only left. As soon as they find it in what they consider a paying quantity, they will choose some convenient place on the stream where they may establish their cradle. Under the sieve in the cradle is fixed a board sloping downwards, with a couple of ledges across, dividing it into three nearly equal parts. The earth and stones are thrown into the sieve, when the cradle ought to be vigorously rocked, water being poured on so as thoroughly to separate the mud, clay, and earth, from the stones. When this is done a glance is sufficient to tell if there are any nuggets of gold among the stones. The sieve is then filled again, the cradle rocked, the stones thrown out, and the process repeated until the accumulation of the mud at the ledges is considered sufficient, which is then carefully scraped away, and the gold picked out. Frequently there is none, sometimes only a few grains, but occasionally many ounces are taken out. In the case of

the dry diggings that we have been supposing, the soil will of course have to be carried some distance to the cradle at the stream ; and if not hemmed in by other " claims," the diggers will extend their operations at the surface to save labour, unless they find the yield as they go down more than compensates for their labour. But river claims are considered the most valuable, and here they look to the holes and crevices in the original rock-bed of the stream—pockets as they call them—for the chief reward of all their toil in reaching it. So the prospecting party will most likely direct their steps to the river, and examine well all its peculiarities. Perhaps they will choose some promising bar, where, if with the prospecting dish they procure gold in any tolerable quantity, it settles the point at once, and they will bring down the cradle, pitch their tent, &c. But the soil may be gravel, and they can scarcely then expect to procure gold, by washing, near the surface ; for the gravel, being easily separated by the current, will have allowed the gold to pass through to the bed of the stream ; but if after removing the top stones that almost invariably find their way to these bars, they reach a tenacious clay—as it will never, in all probability, have been thoroughly disintegrated by the current—they may calculate on finding gold at once. A blue clay is especially considered very promising, though it gives, of course, a great deal of trouble in the washing, being exceedingly difficult to get thoroughly away from the stones and pebbles that it clings to so firmly. If they determine upon working this bar, they will dig a trench, and by the aid of back troughs, divert the stream. They will then dig till they reach the original bed,

after removing in their way to it enormous slabs and stones, a labour which is frequently unrewarded.

The great nugget of gold that was exhibited at the Crystal Palace was found at Mount Alexander. When melted it produced gold to the value of six hundred pounds—a very pretty little reward for a few months' toil.



Dick Whittington.

—o—

To London came Dick Whittington,
 By wondrous stories led;
 But ah! too soon his fire-side dreams
 Of wealth away had fled.
 All frowned on him, no friend had he,
 To cheer him on life's way,
 And as he heard Bow-bells, to him
 They sadly seem'd to say—
 Dick Whittington, Dick Whittington,
 In sorrow must thou roam,
 In London's streets thou wilt not find
 A kindly friend or home.

Through Highgate's fields he wends his way,
 And as he rests awhile,
 His former hopes and spirits rise
 Beneath kind nature's smile.
 From hedge and tree the spring peep'd forth,
 The birds were sweetly singing,
 Again he hears Bow-bells, but now
 Right joyously they're ringing—
 Return again, Dick Whittington,
 Return again to me,
 And thrice Lord Mayor of London city,
 Dick Whittington shall be.

With hopes revived he did return,
And onward work'd his way,
And many goodly deeds he wrought
That remain until this day.
Oh, think of this whene'er you see
Young merit entering life,
And then stretch out a friendly hand,
To aid him in the strife :
For this will often wake to life
The good which else would sleep ;
And from a kindly act, mankind
A glorious harvest reap.



A Mountain Story.

—o—



N one of the most picturesque parts of the western Highlands of Scotland stands an inn, which is much frequented by travellers. This inn itself adds considerably to the beauty of the landscape. It was formerly a manor-house; and the sedate grandeur of its appearance is in such good keeping with the scenes in its neighbourhood, and so little in accordance with its present appropriation, that travellers more commonly stop at the gate to inquire the way to the inn, than drive up at once through the green field which is spread before its windows, and its fine flight of stone steps. Very few dwellings are to be seen from it; and those few are mere cottages, chiefly inhabited by the fishermen of the loch. One of these cottages is my dwelling. It stands so near to the inn, that I can observe all that goes forward there; but it is so overshadowed and hidden by trees, that I doubt not the greater proportion of the visitors to the inn are quite unaware that such a cottage is in existence; and of the thousand sketches which artists and amateurs have carried away with

them, perhaps not one bears any trace of the lowly chimneys, or the humble porch of my dwelling.

On one fine evening in the month of August, seven years ago, I was depositing my watering-pot in the tool-house, when I observed a gig drive up to the inn; it contained a young lady and a gentleman. According to my usual habit of conjecture, I settled in my own mind that they were husband and wife; bride and bridegroom they could not be, as they were in deep mourning. They seated themselves by an open window till it grew dark, and I saw no more of them that night. In my early walk next morning, I passed them twice, and changed my opinion respecting them. They were evidently brother and sister; there was a strong resemblance between them, and a slight difference in years—the young man appearing to be about eighteen, his sister one or two and twenty. She was not handsome; but the expression of melancholy on her countenance, and an undefinable air of superiority about her, engaged my attention. The brother *was* handsome—very handsome. His features were fine, but their expression was finer still. He had taken off his hat, and I had a full view of him. What an intellect did that forehead bespeak! what soul was in those eyes! “Why,” thought I, “does she look so melancholy, while leaning on the arm of such a brother?” But a glance at her dress let me into the cause of her sorrow. A father or mother, or perhaps such another brother, had been taken from her. Whatever the cause of their common grief might be, it seemed only to knit them more closely together; for never did I see a brother and sister so attached. They were inseparable: and during the many days which they spent at the inn, the interest of

their conversations never seemed to flag. They were always talking ; and always, apparently, with animation and sympathy.

On the fourth day after their arrival, I was sitting at work at a window which commands a view of the head of the loch, and of the mountains on the opposite side. It was then between four and five in the afternoon ; the sun was bright, and the weather as fine as possible. The tide was out, and, as usual, many groups of children were busied in collecting shells and seaweed. Among them were my two friends (for so I must call them). They seemed in gayer spirits than I had yet seen them ; they picked up a basket-full of shells ; they set up a mark by which to watch the receding waters ; they entered into conversation with a boatman, and strolled on till they came to the little bridge which spans a rivulet at the head of the loch. I saw them lean over the parapet to watch the gurgling brook beneath. Then they turned to survey the high mountains above them, and after a while they directed their steps to the base of one of them. I saw them gradually mount the green slope, turning every now and then to gaze at the scene below, until I could but indistinctly discern their figures amidst the showers that were beginning to spread over the valley and the lower parts of the mountain. I knew that the mountain which they were ascending was not often tried either by natives or by strangers, for it was boggy and pathless, though tempting to the eye by its verdure, and by a fine pile of rocks, which stood like a crown on the brow of the first grand ascent.

The richest glow of the evening sun was upon the mountain's brow ; light crimson clouds were floating, as it seemed to

me, just over the head of the youth, as he mounted higher and higher—springing from one point to another. I saw his slight form on the very ridge, though lessened almost to a point by the distance, yet conspicuous by its motion, and by the relief of the glowing sky behind. He disappeared. I looked for his sister; she was still sitting on her sunny seat, while all below was wrapped in a deep grey shadow. I laid down my glass, and resumed my work for awhile. I looked again; she was still there, and alone—but the sunlight was gone! I thought she looked forlorn; and I wished her brother would return to her. Again the sun burst forth on the mountain-top—it had only been obscured by a cloud. I saw the lady start from her seat and turn round. An eagle had sprung from among the rocks; she was watching its flight—it ascended into the blue sky and was lost to sight. She sauntered a few steps on one side of her seat, then on the other, and looked around her. “I wish her brother would return to her,” thought I again. She shaded her eyes with her hand and looked up, but vainly! The shadows had crept apace up the mountain side, her seat was no longer sunny, but she sat down again.

I had by this time become, I knew not why, rather nervous; my hand shook so that I could not fix the glass. I laid it down, and went to take a turn in my garden. I came back presently to the window, and once more turned my glass in the direction of the mountain. The seat was vacant. “They are coming down together, I hope,” thought I. “It is high time they should; it is becoming dark and chilly!” But I could not trace them. At length I saw something white fluttering in the breeze. It was so small that

I should not have discerned it, if my very power of sight had not been sharpened by the anxiety I began to feel for these young people. By intently gazing—by straining my sight to the uttermost, I made out that the young lady was standing on a point of rock, lower down, and more conspicuous than that on which she had been seated. She had tied her handkerchief to her parasol, and was waving it, no doubt, as a signal to her brother. My heart turned sick and I could see no more. I looked at my watch and found that it was nearly three hours since they had begun their ascent. The next consideration was what I ought to do. If I had been certain the brother had lost his way, it was, no doubt, my duty to send persons from the inn, to find him. But how did I know that any peril existed, excepting in my own imagination? He might have ascended before, and be perfectly acquainted with the descent; he might be gone in search of some particular view, and have prepared his sister for the length of his absence, as she was too much fatigued to accompany him. In this case any interference of mine would be impertinent. What should I do? I leaned out of my window, as if in the hope of seeing some object which should help me to a decision. Such an object was just before me in the person of an old fisherman, a next-door neighbour and very honest friend of mine.

“Come hither, John,” said I, and I stated the case to him. He thought we need not fear any danger. The mountain was not very high, he knew of no dangerous places on it, and was of opinion that there would be light enough to guide their steps half an hour longer. He advised me to leave them alone for that time at least. I determined to do so, and sat

down to my tea-table, on which I had not yet bestowed a thought. I drew it close to the window, and looked as earnestly as ever; but it was now too dark to see anything but the indistinct outlines of the mountains, and the loch gleaming in the twilight. The half-hour passed and I had not seen them return; they might have returned without my having seen them; but I could not bear uncertainty any longer. I sent my servant to the inn, to enquire if they had arrived, and whether they had ordered tea, or given any expectation as to the time of their return.

She brought word that, though tea had been ready for an hour past, the lady and gentleman had not returned; and that the landlady would be glad to know whether I could give her any intelligence of them.

“Let me pass!” said I, hastily opening the gate.

“Your bonnet, ma’am!—shall I fetch your bonnet?” said my maid.

At that moment some one rushed past me. It was the young lady—running, or attempting to run, but with faltering and unequal steps. I followed her. At the first of the flight of steps before the inn she stumbled and fell. She was trembling and sobbing violently; whether from breathlessness or agony I could not tell. I raised her, and assisted her to mount the steps. “My brother! my brother!” she exclaimed, incessantly. I could get no words but these from her. No time was to be lost. I sat down beside her, and took both her hands, and, speaking as calmly as I could, said, “Compose yourself, and tell us what we must do. Have you missed your brother, or has any accident befallen him before your eyes?”

"He is on the mountain there! He left me, and did not come back. He said he should not be gone twenty minutes."

"Now I know all," replied I. "I will take some people from the inn with lights, and we will find him. You must stay and compose yourself, and be patient; he has only missed his way."

She insisted upon going too, and declared that this was necessary, in order to point out the track which her brother had taken. I explained to her how I had watched their progress, and was therefore able to direct their search. But she was resolute in her determination to go; and finding her to be so, I gave up my intention of accompanying the party, believing that I should only retard their progress.

I arranged with the landlady, that in case of any fatal accident having happened, the young lady should be brought to my house, where she would be in greater quiet and retirement than amid the bustle of an inn.

Hour after hour did we wait, listening to every sound, trembling at every breath; and so shaken and weakened by intolerable suspense, that we were ill-fitted to think and to act as occasion might require. It was a dark, cloudy, and windy night. We often looked out, but could see nothing, scarcely even the outline of the mountain. We listened, and our hearts beat thick, when there was no sound but the rising gust! I dwell on these circumstances too long, because I recoil from relating the catastrophe, as if it were but recent—as if my thoughts had not been familiarized with it for years.

It was as we feared; he was found lying at the bottom of a rock, no more than ten feet high—but lifeless. His neck had been dislocated by the fall. There were no external

bruises—no signs of any struggle—nothing painful in his appearance. I cannot relate every circumstance of that dreadful night. I thought *she* was gone too ; she was brought in insensible, and remained so for hours. She was taken immediately to my house, and put to bed. The body of her brother was also carried there, for I knew she would not be separated from it. I sat beside her, watching her faint breathing, anxious for some sign of returning consciousness, but dreading the agony which must attend it. If she had died, I could hardly have grieved for her ; but there might be parents, brothers, and sisters ! Oh, that I knew, that I could bring them to her ! Alone, among strangers ! how was she to bear her solitary grief?—how was she to sustain the struggle which awaited her in the first hour of her awakening ? I could not banish the remembrance of them as I had seen them in the afternoon, happy in each other, and thinking not of separation ; then, as he was when I last saw him, full of life and activity, and apparently unboundedly happy in the contemplation of scenes which a soul like his was fitted to enjoy.

Day dawned, and no change was conceivable ; but in two hours afterwards she opened her eyes. I crossed the room to see whether she observed my motion. She did ; and I therefore opened the curtain and spoke to her. She gazed, but did not reply. Presently she seized my arm, muttering some words, of which “my mother” was all I could understand. I took the opportunity of saying that I was going to write to her family, and asked how I should address them.

“ My family ! ” she said ; “ I have none. They are all gone now ! ”

I thought her mind was wandering. "Your father and mother," said I, "where are they?" My heart smote me as I uttered the words, but the question was necessary.

"I have no father and mother!"

"Nor brothers and sisters? Pardon me, but I must ask."

"You need not ask, because I will tell you. There were many of us once, but I am the last!"

I could not go on, yet it must be done.

"But you have friends, who will come to you?"

"Yes; I have a grandfather. He lives in Hampshire. He is very old, but he will come to me, if he still lives. If not!"—

"He *will* come," said I, "I will write to him directly."

"I will write myself!" exclaimed she, starting up. "He will not believe the story unless I write myself. Who *would* believe it?"

I assured her she should write the next day; but I positively forbade such an exertion at present. She yielded: she was indeed in no condition for writing. Her mind seemed in an unnatural state; and I was by no means sure that she had given a correct account of herself. I wrote to her grandfather, on the supposition that she had; and was quite satisfied when, in the evening, she gave me, in a few words, her family history. She had been relieved, though exhausted, by tears; and her mind was calm and rational. She was indeed the last of her family. Her mother had died a few weeks before, after a lingering illness; and the sole surviving brother and sister had been prevailed on to take this tour, to recruit their strength and spirits, after their long watching and anxiety.

They were always, as I discovered, bound together by the strongest affection ; and now that they had been made by circumstances all in all to each other, they were thus separated ! Will not my readers excuse my attempting to describe such grief as hers must have been ?

Her grandfather arrived on the earliest possible day. He was old, and had some infirmities ; but his health was not, as he assured us, at all injured by his hurried and painful journey. Nothing could be more tender than his kindness to his charge ; though he was, perhaps, too far advanced in this life, and too near another, to feel the pressure of this kind of sorrow as a younger or weaker mind would have done.

I could not help indulging in much painful conjecture as to the fate of this young creature when she should lose her last remaining stay—a period which could not be far distant. But on this point I obtained some satisfaction before her departure.

A few days before she left me, a gentleman arrived at the inn, and came immediately to my cottage. She introduced him to me as “a friend.” No one said what kind of a friend he was ; but I could entertain no doubt that he was one who would supply the place of her brother to her.

“ Her mind will not be left without a keeper,” thought I, as I saw them direct their steps to the brother’s grave. “ Thank God, her grandfather is not her only remaining stay ! ”

They quitted the place together ; and many a sympathizing heart did they leave behind them—by many an anxious wish and prayer were they followed. The last promise required from me was, that I would see that the grave of her brother

was respected. What a pang did it cost her to leave that grave?

I heard tidings of her three times afterwards. Her letters pleased me; they testified a deep, but not a selfish or corroding grief—a power of exertion, and a disposition to hope and be cheerful. The last letter I received from her, arrived more than five years ago. She had taken the name which I conjectured would in time be hers. She had lost her grandfather; but the time was past when his departure could occasion much grief. She was then going abroad with her husband, for an indefinite period of time. If they were spared to return to their native country, they proposed visiting my little dwelling once more, to gaze with softened emotions on scenes sadly endeared to them, and to mingle their tears once more over a brother's grave.

Perhaps that day may yet arrive.



What is Love?

—o—

WHAT is love?—Go ask the child
 Whose buoyant steps run far and wild ;
 What makes its little heart rejoice
 Whene'er it hears its mother's voice?

What is love?—The maiden seek
 Who wears a blush upon her cheek,
 And ask that gentle maiden why
 It deeper glows *when one* is by?

What is love?—The wife will tell,
 Though pain and sickness near her dwell ;
 All can she bear, and bless her lot
 If one fond heart deserts her not.

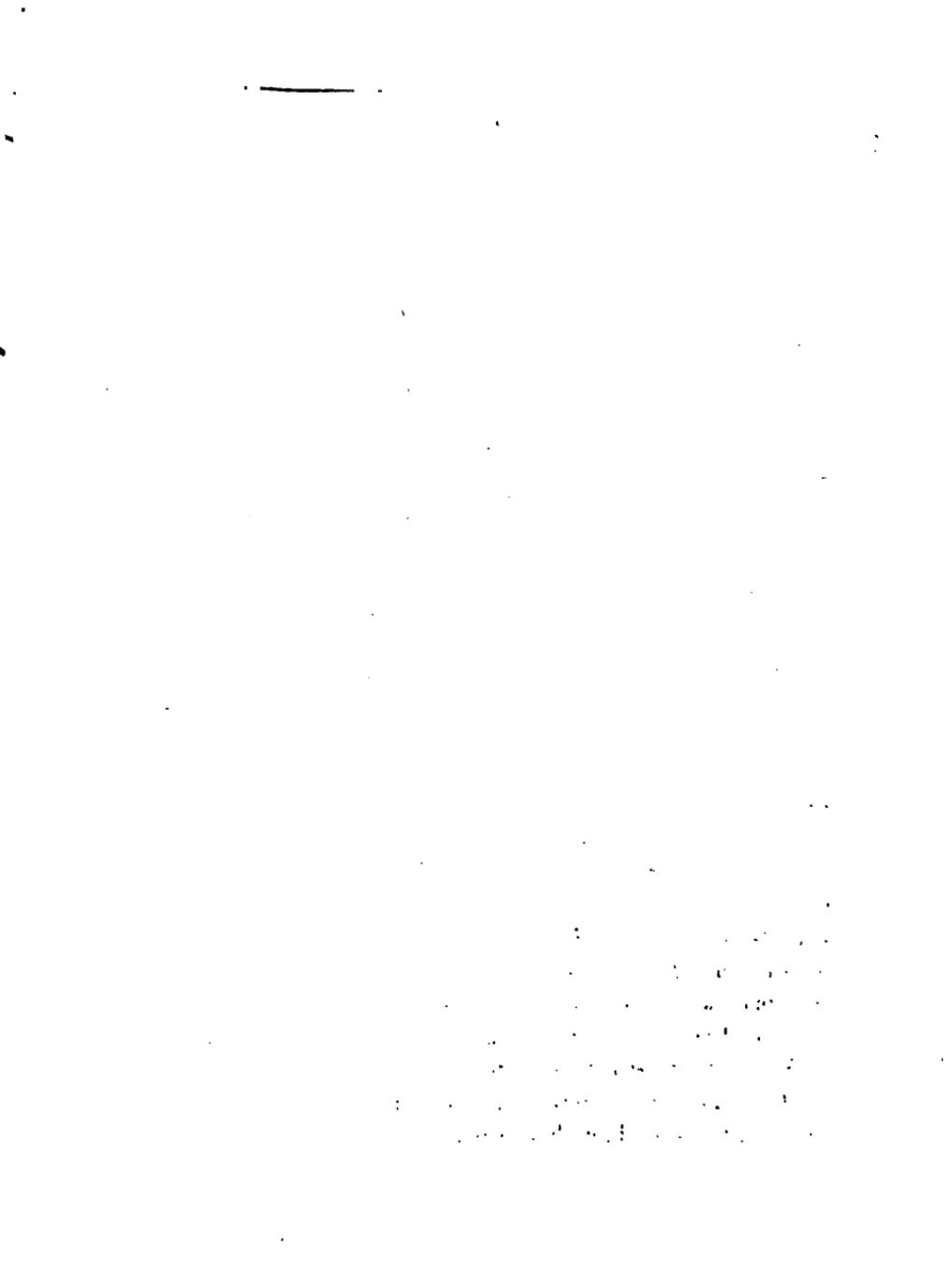
What is love?—The mother ask,
 Who labours o'er her daily task ;
 And, if her infant does but sigh,
 Will watch at night with wakeful eye.

Unknown within the heart it springs,
 And closely binds, and fondly clings ;
 Its softest nature—turneth strife—
 The life of home—the charm of life.





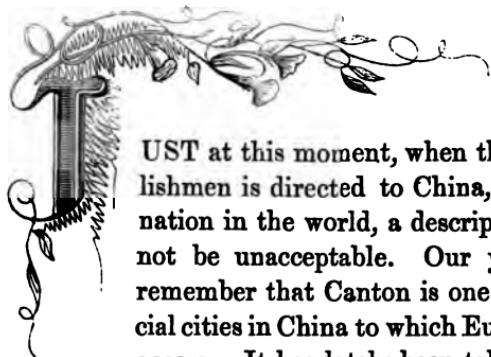
Canton.





Canton.

—o—



UST at this moment, when the attention of Englishmen is directed to China, perhaps the oldest nation in the world, a description of Canton may not be unacceptable. Our young readers will remember that Canton is one of the five commercial cities in China to which Europeans are allowed access. It has lately been taken possession of by our troops, and much of the mystery which has hitherto enshrouded China has been cleared away.

Canton, or *Quang-tceon*, is a city and sea-port of China, and capital of the province of *Quang-tong*—one of the richest of the empire. The immense quantity of money which foreign vessels bring daily to this city draws hither a continual crowd of merchants from all the provinces; so that the traveller is sure of finding in its warehouses the rarest productions of the soil, and the most valuable of the Chinese manufactures. This city is, besides, situated on a beautiful river, which has a communication by canals with all the neighbouring provinces; the entrance of it is called the *Hou-man*; its banks, the plains which it waters, and even the hills which hang over it, are cultivated, and afford the most

enchanting prospect. The city is composed, as it were, of three different cities, separated by lofty walls, but so conjoined, that the same gate serves the visitor to go out from the one and enter the other. These three cities united almost form a regular square; the streets are long and straight, paved chiefly with cut stone, and ornamented from space to space with ornamental arches; some of them are covered, and contain the richest shops. The houses present nothing remarkable but great neatness; they consist only of one story, and have no windows to the street. People of condition are carried here in sedans or chairs. The streets are continually crowded, especially with porters, who are all loaded, and have, for the most part, their heads, legs, and feet bare. There is no other convenience in this city for transporting goods from one place to another but men's shoulders. An infinite number of vessels of all sizes cover the river night and day, and form a kind of floating city. They all touch one another, and are ranged so as to form streets. The people who inhabit them are apparently innumerable, and have no other dwelling. Each bark lodges a family. At break of day all these people depart to fish, or cultivate rice in the marshes. The number of inhabitants in the city is estimated at 800,000, and the number of boats or *fampams* inhabited, at 40,000. The military force of the province of which Canton is the capital, is said to amount to 100,000 men, 40,000 of whom are stationed in and about the city. The streets are long, and most of them are narrow and irregular, but well paved with large stones, and for the most part kept exceedingly clean. The houses are built of brick, and have generally two or three courts backward, in which are the

warehouses for merchandise, and in the houses within the city are the apartments for the women. A very few of the meanest sort of houses are built of wood. The houses belonging to the European factors are built on a handsome quay, with a regular façade of two storeys toward the river, and disposed within partly after the European and partly after the Chinese manner. Adjoining to these are a number of houses belonging to the Chinese, and hired out to the commanders of ships, and merchants who may make an occasional stay in the suburbs of Canton.



Childhood's Home.

—o—

THERE's a spot where mem'ry ling'reth,
 Still unwilling to depart ;
 Youthful love and hopes entwining,
 Bind it closely to the heart ;
 Where fond fancy, warmly clinging,
 Hath no wish to idly roam,
 Where the heart's affections centre,—
 'Tis bright childhood's happy home.

Oh ! it cheers the heart that droopeth,
 Youthful vigour gives to age,
 Soothes the sufferer's bed of anguish,
 Calms the passions' direful rage ;
 And it kindles deep emotions,
 Checks the idle wish to roam,
 When the heart's affections centre
 Round bright childhood's happy home.

Still may mem'ry fondly linger
 O'er each joy that spot imparts,
 Still may love and hope entwining
 Bind it closer to our hearts ;
 May warm fancy, fondly clinging,
 Have no idle wish to roam,
 And the heart's affections centre
 In bright childhood's happy home.

Christmas Customs.

—o—



THE manner of spending Christmas eve can hardly be better described than by Wilkie's celebrated sketch under that title. Christmas is not now what it was formerly. Wilkie's painting relates to the present time, and I do not know where Christmas is 'more cheerfully observed in these days than in London—still there is an alteration—no boar's head, no pageantries, no wassailing. In the north of England its approach is denoted by the country people having their wood-fires, consisting of huge pieces of stumps of trees piled upon the grate, and by entwining branches of holly over their doors, and by school-boys acting some play to a school full of auditors; the yearly one most popular was "St. George," which is now enacted by some strolling players who exhibit in the town every Christmas.

These are the signals for Christmas, and although there is but one Christmas day, yet the week is generally over before anything like quietness appears. The morning is ushered in

by the ringing of the church bells, and the little maidens playing at the game of pricky-socky, as they call it. See them all dressed up in their best, with their wrists adorned with rows of pins, running about from house to house enquiring who will play at the game. The door is opened, and she cries out:—

"Pricky socky, for a pin,
I care not whether I lose or win.

The game is played by the one holding between her two forefingers and thumbs a pin, which she clasps tightly to prevent her antagonist seeing either part of it, while her opponent guesses. The head of the pin is socky, and the point prickly; and when the other guesses she touches the end she guesses at, saying, "this for prickly," or "this for socky;" at night the other delivers her two pins. Thus the game is played, and when the clock strikes twelve it is declared *up*, that is, no one can play after that time.

The Christmas dinner consists of large pork or goose pies, which Brande mentions as peculiar to this country. The goose is put in whole, the pies all marked on the top by a fork with the owner's initials; formerly it was a religious inscription. In the afternoon they sally forth for a game at foot-ball. The first day on which the game is played, the ball is what they call *clubbed up for*, and he who can run away with the ball may keep it; but this seldom occurs, as it is often kicked to pieces before the game is over. And this is Christmas day in the north. At Kirby, a man named Tom Mattham used to go round the town on Christmas eve, about twelve o'clock, with a bell, and chant a few carols. This was too solemn to be compared to the London waits, but the custom still exists.

In most of the western parts of Devonshire a superstitious custom prevails, that on Christmas eve, at twelve o'clock, oxen in their stalls are always kneeling, as in the attitude of devotion; but since the style (in 1752) was altered, they do this on old Christmas eve only. At Whitbeck, in Cumberland, they have a similar superstition; the bees are said to sing on the midnight before Christmas day, and the oxen to kneel at the same hour.

In many parts of the north, too, it is customary for men to go out and cut large ash and holly sticks, and entwine them over the doors of their houses. And in Cumberland little maidens assemble on Christmas to *guess who their husbands shall be*, which is done by collecting peculiar sticks and looking for some singular mark upon them. This is the time when sweethearts too send round their presents to the young lasses, by whom others are returned.

The custom of keeping open house is nearly obsolete. Haddon Hall (so late as Queen Elizabeth) was kept open during twelve days after Christmas, with the old English hospitality. In some old books accounts of a feast of "cakes and ale" are given.

Upon the young Prince's coronation, in 1170, Henry II. "served his son at the table as server, bringing up the boar's head with trumpets before it, according to the manner." The boar's head was stuffed "with branches of rosemary;" it appeared with trumpets playing, so that "it was a grande syghte."

It would appear they had grand doings at the Inns of Court during Christmas. The usual dish at the first course at dinner was "a large boar's head upon a silver platter, with minstrelsy."

Before the Civil Wars the first dish in gentlemen's houses that was brought to table at Christmas, was a boar's head with a lemon in his mouth. At Queen's College, Oxford, the custom is still retained. The bearer of it brings it into the hall, singing to an old tune, an old Latin rhyme, *Caput Apri Defero, &c.*

Formerly, "An English gentleman at the opening of the great day, *i.e.* on Christmas day in the morning, had all his tenants and neighbours enter his hall by day-break. The strong beer was broached, and the black jacks went plentifully about with toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese. The nackin (the great sausage) must be boiled by day-break, or else two young men must take the maiden (the cook) by the arms and run her round the market-place till she is ashamed of her laziness."

Further, "in Christmas holidayes" the tables were all spread from the first to the last. The sirloins of beef, the minced pies, the plum-porridge, the capons, turkeys, geese, and plum-puddings, were all brought upon the board; every one ate heartily and was welcome, which gave rise to the proverb, "Merry in the hall where beards wag all."

Misson says, "the plum-porridge is not at all inferior to the pie"—the goose-pie usually made at Christmas.

YULE CAKES.—I must now call your attention to the *Yule Cakes*. Yule dough, a little image of paste, was formerly baked at *Yuleside*, and presented by bakers to their customers as *Christmas candles* are still given away by tallow-chandlers. Brande, the antiquarian, says, "the Yule dough has perhaps been intended for an image of the child Jesus, with the Virgin Mary;" and, he says, "it is now, if I mis-

take not, pretty generally laid aside, or at most retained only by children." Mr. Brande was not aware that the custom still prevailed in many parts of the north. At Brough I have frequently eaten of the cakes; they are figured with currants, and are usually eaten with a basin of frumenty on Christmas eve. Mince pies are there called minched, or shred pies.

The custom of decking our houses and churches with holly, &c. originates from ancient heathen practices. Mr. Brande says, that "holly was used only to deck the inside of houses at Christmas, while ivy was used not only as a vintner's sign, but also among the evergreens at funerals." Archdeacon Mares mentions, "the custom longest preserved was the hanging up of a bush of mistletoe in the kitchen or servants' hall, with the charm attached to it, that the maid who was not kissed under it at Christmas, would not be married in that year." In the north a similar custom is observed, viz., that of kissing a maiden *over* a bunch of holly. Polydore Virgil says, that "trimming of the temples with hangynges, flowers, boughs, and garlandes, was taken of the heathen people, whiche decked their idols and houses with such arraye."

ROUND ABOUT OUR COAL-FIRE.

Formerly fires were in the middle of the room, and the company sat in a ring round about it; hence the proverb, "Round about our coal-fire," which is as great a comfort as any at Christmas.

In the north they have their *Yule log*, or *Yuleside log*, which is a great log burning in the chimney corner, whilst the Yule cakes are baked on a "griddle" (a kind of frying-

pan) over the fire. Little lads and maidens assemble nightly at some neighbouring friend's to hear the goblin story, and join in "fortune-telling," or some other merry game. There is part of an old song which runs thus, and with which I shall conclude my notice of this custom :—

" Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas logs are burning ;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning."

And in another place we hear that—

" The wenches with their wassell bowles
About the streets are singing."

WASSAIL-BOWL.

Formerly it was customary to *wassail* or drink health to the apple-trees on Christmas eve :—

" Wassale the trees, that they may beare
You many an apple and many a peare ;
For more or lesse fruits they will bringe,
And do you give them wassailing."

Sir Thomas Acland informed Mr. Brande, in 1790, that at Werington, on Christmas eve, "it was then customary for the country people to sing a wassail or drinking song, and throw the toast from the wassail-bowl to the apple-trees, in order to have a fruitful tree."

In many towns in Cumberland it is the practice on Christmas eve to roast apples before the fire on a string, and hold under them a bowl of spiced ale (there called mulled ale), and let them roast on until they drop into the ale.

We have the following picture of a country squire from Grosse : "The chief drink the year round was ale, except at this season, the fifth of November, or some other gala days, when they make a bowl of strong brandy-punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. In the corner of the hall, by the fire-side, stood a large wooden two-armed chair, and within the chimney-corner were a couple of seats. At Christmas the squire entertained his tenants assembled round a glowing fire made of the roots of trees and other great logs, and told and heard the traditional tales of the village, respecting ghosts and witches, till fear made them afraid to move. In the mean time the jorum of ale was in continual circulation."

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

A friend of mine at Appleby, in Westmoreland, in reference to Christmas customs, says : "Pray recollect the old custom we have here of making little presents one to another. You know it is the practice here for little girls to send numerous presents to their sweethearts, secured as tightly as wax and brown paper can be, that they may be some time guessing what it is before they open it. And if it is worth remarking, I would further remind you of the sending of 'shred' pies (which you know are very excellent) as presents to neighbours."

In London enough is seen of the presents at Christmas without describing them ; and after a "day spent merrily," they in the evening commence dancing, singing, and card-playing, which is generally kept up till morning, and from thenceforth a whole run of merry days till and beyond Twelfth day.

Soon after Christmas day we are apprized of Twelfth day (which keeps us from dulness) by the sugared cakes which everywhere appear in the pastry-cook's windows. And now I think I have, as far as I am able, fulfilled my promise, and I may perhaps conclude with wishing you and *all* my young readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



The Kindly Smile.

—o—

THE kindly smile ! that smile whose light
 Cheers on the heart thro' life's sad way ;
 Like stars which through the lonely night
 Guide our slow footsteps to the day :
 And misery and woe, the while,
 Like thorns, cling around the heart,
 Hope cometh with each kindly smile.

To many a sad, care-worn breast
 A smile has brought returning joy,
 Where joy was long a stranger guest,
 And fond bright hopes which never cloy.
 Many a fear in human heart
 'Twould hush, and bitter pang beguile,
 If one could only oftener meet
 An outstretched hand, and kindly smile.

Smile kindly, then, as God on you,
 Smile kindly, for 'twill cost thee small ;
 I never knew one good, or true,
 Who did not smile on all—on ALL.
 And think, amid the human throng,
 What evil thought, and passion vile
 Thus hush'd ; and memory of wrong,
 The outstretched hand and kindly smile.

Java.

—o—



AVA is a large island in the Eastern Indian Sea, separated from Sumatra by a narrow sea, called the *Straits of Sunda*, 680 miles in length from east to west, and from 60 to 80 in breadth from north to south. The centre of the island is mountainous, but on the coast low and marshy, which renders the air exceedingly unhealthy, especially to new comers. No Europeans have formed any establishments here except the Dutch, who have several on the coasts, the principal of which are Batavia and Bantam. The rest of the island is divided into several kingdoms or states, which are greatly influenced by the European settlements. It is divided into sixteen states, which were formerly independent kingdoms. Of most of these places the Dutch are absolute sovereigns, and the next three are influenced by them both in commerce, being under engagements to deliver the produce of their respective countries to that Company alone, and not to sell any of it to any other nation; likewise not to enter into any connections or treaties with other powers. There are perhaps no large rivers in Java navigable by vessels of even a moderate burden, but there are many small ones, which, flowing down from the



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mountains in a northerly direction, run into the sea all along the north coast; they are, however, mostly choked up at the mouth by sands or mud-banks, which render their entrances at low water very difficult to the smallest vessels. The productions which this island yields are considerable, and of great importance to the Company. The chief produce is pepper, which is mostly grown in the western part of the island. The empire of Bamptam, and its dependencies at Lampon in Sumatra, yield annually more than 6,000,000 pounds of this spice: this pepper is esteemed the next best to that which comes from the coast of Malabar. Cotton-yarn is likewise an important object of trade. It is spun by the Javanese from the cotton, which is produced in great plenty in the interior parts. Salt is equally an article of trade for the Company, who dispose of it for a handsome profit on the west coast of Sumatra. Another product of the country is indigo, which is mostly shipped to Europe. Large quantities of heavy timber are also brought from the north-east coast of Java to Batavia. This is not in reality a branch of trade, but it is of great importance to ship-building and other purposes.

Java produces numerous fruit-bearing trees, some of which are very luscious. Pineapples also are produced in large quantities. The inhabitants of Java are called Javanese. They are generally below the middle stature, well-proportioned, with complexions of a light-brown colour, black hair, and flattish noses. In character they are proud and idle, arrogant towards their inferiors, and submissive to those placed in authority over them. Their dwellings are mere rude huts, made of bamboo plastered with clay, and consisting of but one room, with a hole in the roof for a chimney. Their

chief food is boiled rice and a little fish, and their drink is water. They smoke tobacco to excess, and many of them indulge in opium. In their houses the common people sit cross-legged on the bare ground for want of tables and chairs, and they eat with their fingers, without knives or forks. They are fond of music and cock-fighting. Their breeds of domestic fowl are very large and fine, many of them having been lately introduced into England and France. Their religion is Mahometanism; the men marry several wives, and both sexes are extremely fond of bathing. The island of Java is supposed to contain about a million and a half of inhabitants.



Losses.

—o—

UPON the white sea-sand
 There sat a pilgrim band,
 Telling the losses that their lives had known,
 While evening waned away
 From breezy cliff and bay,
 And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,
 Of a fair-freighted ship,
 With all his household to the deep gone down :
 But one had wilder woe,
 For a fair face long ago
 Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
 With a most loving ruth,
 For its brave hopes and memories ever green ;
 And one upon the west
 Turned an eye that would not rest
 For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honours told,
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more ;
And one of a green grave,
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free—
“ Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me.”

“ Alas ! ” these pilgrims said,
“ For the living and the dead,
For fortune’s cruelty, for love’s sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea !
But, howe’er it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life’s last and heaviest loss.”

Something about Proverbs.

—o—

PAPA (said my little son to me one day), what is a Proverb? Now my son is an inquiring young gentleman of between eight and nine years of age, who will not be put off with a mere general answer. He wants to know the why and the wherefore of things, and is by no means content with the usual explanations offered to children. Other parents also have such sons I have no doubt, whose questions they sometimes find it hard to reply to. I confess that the question rather puzzled me, simple as it looks. Not that there was any great difficulty in saying, off-hand, what was a Proverb; the difficulty was, how to frame an answer that should be as satisfactory to the mind of the child as to that of the man. I thought for a moment of the clever definition of Erasmus, "Parœmia est celebre dictum scitâ quapiam novitate insigne." (A clever saying in which a new sense is found for an old saw); but then I recollect that many *dicta* might be included in sayings that were not really *proverbs*. I thought also of Lord John Russell's admirable definition, "Proverbs are the wit of one and the wisdom of many;" but then I consi-

dered the sentence too deep for the mind of a child. At last, however, on the question being repeated, I said—

“A Proverb, Charley, is an adage or wise saying in which a special meaning lies hidden.”

But that scarcely satisfying him, or indeed myself, I went on to explain that Proverbs were short sentences commonly used; maxims in which wit and truth are mingled; generally received sentences applied on particular occasions as rules of life or conduct; the unwritten wisdom of the people; the fruits of experience expressed in pithy phrases; “and in fact, my dear,” I went on to say, finding it impossible to answer his question in a single sentence, “a Proverb is a witty or quaint saying, which, on being uttered, is recognized by its hearers as the expression of a truth or part of a truth; and as such, receives by repetition the stamp of public credit or authority, and passes as the current coin of conversation.”

Master Charley’s blank look at this formidable answer to his simple question slightly amused me; but as he said no more I left him to his own thoughts.

The next day, however, he returned to his Proverbs, and wished to know something more about them. I need not say that I was pleased to discover my child taking an interest in subjects generally thought beyond a child’s powers of mind. I had, therefore, a long talk with him about Proverbs. The substance of our conversation I now give, in the form I think best adapted for the perusal of the young people into whose hands this book may happen to fall.

Proverbs are derived from a great variety of sources: from the habits and natures of animals; from legends, oracles, and historical events; from the fancies of poets and the observation

of wise men, as seen in the Proverbs of Solomon; from the manners and customs common to all men in all places; from events or incidents occurring at particular times or places; and also from accidental circumstances arising in various countries, and among various families and classes of people.

Many proverbs express a whole truth; as, for instance, "A royal crown is no cure for the headache," "All is not gold that glitters," "Prevention is better than cure;" some tell only half a truth, the other half being contained in another proverb: as, "Penny-wise, and pound-foolish," and "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves." Other proverbs require local knowledge to render them intelligible,—that about the Goodwin Sands and Tenterden steeple, for instance. Lord Chancellor Sir Thomas More was sent by King Henry VIII. with a commission into Kent, to find out, if possible, the cause of the Goodwin Sands and the shelf or bar that stopped up Sandwich Haven. Among the witnesses examined was "the oldest inhabitant" of the district, who gave his evidence thus: "I am an old man, and I remember the building of Tenterden steeple, and I remember when there was no steeple there at all; and before that steeple was built there was no talk of any flats or sands that stopped up Sandwich Haven, and I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of the Goodwin Sands." This proverb teaches us the absurdity of confounding coincidence with cause. Other proverbs convey a warning, as, "Look before you leap;" a reproof, as, "If you have too many irons in the fire, some of them will be sure to burn your fingers;" a moral maxim, as, "The beaten path is the best road;" a retort, as, "They who live in glass houses should not throw stones;"

a gentle hint to idlers, as, "When the tree is down all go with their hatchets;" or a religious admonition, as, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, and the years draw nigh in which thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

The essence of a good Proverb is its terseness, or the quality of being both brief and smooth—a quality that gives double force to the wisdom it contains. To uncultivated minds Proverbs stand in the place of quotations from the poets, historians, and orators to the learned. They contain the soul of wit and wisdom, and are therefore great favourites with the people. They are used as arguments by the ignorant, and are pleasant forms of speech for the scholar. They teach those who would not otherwise learn, and are of great use even to the wisest in presenting them with phrases common to, and understood by, all classes of men.

Proverbs are common to all languages, and many of the most familiar of them are found scattered over distant parts of the world. We say that "It is useless to carry coals to Newcastle;" the Orientals say that "It is waste labour to take oil to Damascus;" we say, "The burnt child dreads the fire;" the Hebrews say, "A scalded child dreads hot water," and so of many others. The Italians and Spaniards use a great many proverbs in their conversation, as those who have read "Don Quixote" well know. Indeed, the great charm of this admirable book lies in the endless string of wise and witty sayings of honest Sancho Panza. The French, the Germans, the Dutch, the Russians, and the Chinese possess a vast store of capital proverbs; and even among the Red Indians of America and the savage islanders of the South Seas, the Pro-

verb exercises an influence unknown among civilized nations. They are poems in little, sermons in sentences; maxims transmitted from generation to generation, and carried from land to land and language to language, till they link all mankind in one common bond of fellowship and truth—the

“Touch of nature
That makes the whole world kin.”

Proverbs often convey hints of national peculiarities, and there are no people who have not some which belong solely to them. The English lay claim to about ten thousand, the French to three thousand, but the Spaniards possess the largest stock of all, their book of Proverbs containing nearly thirty thousand wise and witty sayings. The Scotch Proverb, “Count money after your father,” betrays the prudence and caution of their national character. The French saying, “A man at the shambles (butchers’ shops) has no more credit than a dog,” and “Cut out thongs from other people’s leather,” are two sentences that do no great honour to French morals. The Spaniards say, “War with the world, and peace with England,” a Proverb that may have had its rise from the memory of the failure of their great armada in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The Russians say, “Prayer to God and service to the Czar,” an evidence of the state of subjection in which the people of that country have been kept for centuries. Again they say, “Give to the judge, lest thou get into prison,” a practical sarcasm on the administration of law in Russia. How different from the German Proverb, “Liberty, sings the bird, though the prison be a golden cage.” The Arabs know little of gratitude, and this fact they illustrate by the Proverb, “Eat the present, and break the dish.” Some of the Chinese

Proverbs are quaint and truthful: "Large fowls do not eat small meals;" "The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man purified without affliction;" "It is as wrong in the king as in the people to break the laws;" "Let every man sweep the snow from his own door before he thinks about his neighbour's tiles," a hint to busybodies; "The man in boots does not see the man in shoes," a saying true of the proud and haughty of all countries; "Look not a gift-horse in the mouth," a saying that has found its way into many languages, and the opposite of which we recognize in the Russian proverb, "Give a man a shirt, and he will exclaim how coarse it is."

As examples of Proverbs to be found in many languages, the following may be mentioned: "No mill no meal;" "A cat in gloves catches no mice;" "One good turn deserves another," which the French have thus, "A beau jeu beau retour," "Better late than never," the Italian form of which is, "Meglio tardi che son mai;" "All is not gold that glitters;" "New brooms sweep clean;" "Money makes the mare to go;" "Hunting dogs have scratched faces;" "Time and tide wait for no man," and many others.

Many proverbs are doubtful, others very bad in their morality. Who would like to put faith in such sayings as these?—"As the Psalmist has said, all men are liars;" "You may know an honest man by the hair growing on the palm of his hand;" "Honesty is the best policy," a saying that has done a vast deal of mischief, by insinuating that honesty is not a duty, but that it is necessary only to advance men's worldly interests; "In for a penny in for a pound;" "As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb;" "We must do in Rome as the Romans do." The niggardly use the Proverb,

“Charity begins at home,” to excuse themselves from giving. “Let the shoemaker stick to his last,” is often used as a rebuke to people who meddle with other folk’s concerns, but if the shoemaker had always stuck to his lapstone, Christian missions and the name of William Carey would not have been united; had the tinker kept to his forge, “The Pilgrim’s Progress” would never have been written; had Ben Jonson been content with his bricklayer’s trowel, the world would have been a great loser; and had Daniel Defoe contented himself with selling stockings in Cheapside, you, my Charley, and all other boys, would never have possessed your famous “Robinson Crusoe.” But a better class of proverbs teach us to “Do what is right, whatever be the result;” remind us that “He that waits for dead men’s shoes, goes for a long time barefoot;” and tell us that we must “work or die;”

“For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.”



¶b, Speak not harshly.

— 8 —

To *Youth* not harshly ! since the wound
Upon the sapling green
Still scars the ancient oak which hath
Its fourscore winters seen.

To *Age* not harshly! *Age* hath had
A weary weight to bear;
Troubles that well might pale the cheek,
And mark the brow with care.

Not harshly ! She is hearing now

Sweet household tones again:

Why shouldst thou rudely break upon

The dear familiar strain?

Why shouldst thou wake her to the thought
That love and joy are fled?

Why dost thou make her long to share
The quiet of the dead?

Oh, speak not harshly ! the dark clouds
 Have but just rolled away,
And let a gleam of sunlight down
 To gild *her* changing day.

Not harshly ! thou art mortal too

As those thou dost condemn;

And wouldst thou God should deal with thee
As thou dost deal with them ?

Then speak not harshly ! since a time

May be in store for thee,

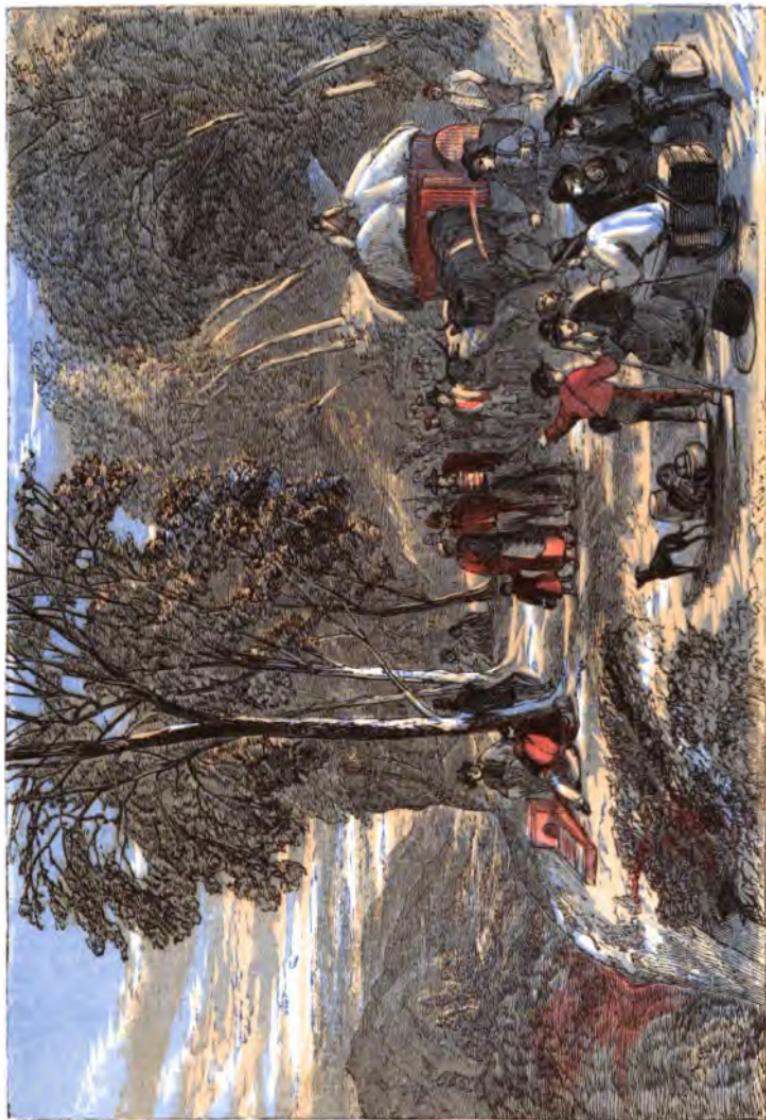
When thou for some kind word wouldst give
Treasures of land or sea.

Australian Sketches.

—o—

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

HE Blue Mountains cross the gold region of Australia from East to West, and are said to yield an abundant supply of the precious metal. Last year so promising were the reports of this district, that crowds of people were moving towards it from other parts of Victoria. It had been reported that the creeks and rivers in this neighbourhood were particularly rich in gold. The great production, however, had been at one particular spot, of limited extent, where the supply was such that the space of eight square feet to each man was considered by the Government Commissioners a sufficient allotment. The number of persons already at the place, in 1857, was upwards of five thousand; and careful calculations seemed to show, that the average to each man was at least an ounce a day. Many cases of individual success were most remarkable. One man had obtained £1,500 in a week; and another, a blacksmith, had got £1,000. A party of three men found twenty pounds weight in one day; while another, before breakfast, raised



The Blue Mountains—Road to the Diggings

thirteen pounds' weight. The consequence was, a great desertion from all ordinary occupations. Hundreds of all classes were leaving Sydney daily, including labourers, mechanics, clerks, shop-keepers, merchants, and professional men. There was hardly any possibility of getting ships' crews; and the *Troubadour*, which brought the intelligence to Bombay, was only enabled to sail by obtaining her complement of men from among the seamen confined on short sentences in the Melbourne gaol. Even that, however, appears to have been attended with difficulty, since it is said only six would accept the offer, all the others preferring to remain for the sake of getting ultimately to the mines. Four or five large ships were ready for sea, and detained for want of hands. The salaries of the Government officers were increased fifty per cent., and labour of all kinds advanced in proportion. The mode of digging at this place appears peculiar, the metal being found at considerable depths. "A hole," it is said, "is dug ten or twenty feet, through black alluvial soil, sandy gravel, and clay of various colours, until a very thick substratum of pipeclay is reached. Immediately above this is, in places, a stratum of chocolate-coloured clay, in which the gold is not only perceptible but conspicuous; and one man sits in the hole and picks the rich stuff out with a knife, while his companions with a cradle work the earth which has been thrown out." A person writing from the spot states, "Numbers are making fortunes, but it is impossible to know what is done, as most keep their earnings secret. I weighed twenty-three ounces for one man, the whole of which had been found in a day. £35 was refused for a single cradle of earth, and it realized £60. The



The Blue Mountains—Road to the Diggings



licence fees were paid, not merely without hesitation, but with avidity."

"If the present state of yield continue," says a correspondent of the *Times*, "and of this there is every probability, pounds will supersede ounces, and the steelyard supplant the scale. Gold is shot into mash-tubs, stirred up with a shovel, and after the *débris* has been well saturated, is then drained off and screened; for so rich is the residue in auriferous metal, that it may be picked without cradling, and pieces from a dwt. downwards found with the greatest facility. I saw one party flushing the quartz with water on a plain board, and extracting from the mass pieces of such a size that one of them would have set the province mad seven weeks ago. One party of five showed me the amount of their day's work on Monday, which was contained in a tin panikin, which was at least one-third full. I mentioned the fact to another party, who smilingly remarked, that his party had got thirty ounces that morning by ten o'clock; and another party assured me their yield for the day was five pounds weight; and I believe it, for I have seen veins of blue clay, streaked with a purplish hue, in which gold was clearly perceptible, and lying therein in such profusion and size, that it could easily be picked out with the point of a knife. One tin dishful of this rich deposit has been known to yield from six to eight ounces of pure gold."

But what, many of my young readers may ask, is the ordinary daily course of life in Australia? According to the description given by a popular writer, it is not very inviting. "Take," says he, "any day of Australian life. You come home after a hard dusty day's work, and you long for a

quiet evening with your wife and children, such as you could get once in dear old England. When you sit down to dinner, which your wife has had to cook and your children to prepare for, you see the partner of your domestic joys with a face (from flea and mosquito bites) like a pottle of prize strawberries at Chiswick—a pleasant object to contemplate of an evening. During your dinner you are tormented by flies and bitten by fleas; your very slice of roast mutton on your plate, before you have time to dispose of it, is blown by the yellow bottle full of live maggots; you push your plate away sick and disgusted. You pour out and drink half your pale ale, and in a moment your glass is crammed with a thousand flies, who die in drunken happiness. You call in your children; they come, looking squalid, pale, and jaded; no rosy cheeks here. You help your wife to put away the things, and then sit down with flies, fleas, and mosquitoes—a mottled-face wife, irritable children, and your own pleasant reflections. You may have made a very fortunate speculation that day; but it takes a vast amount of money to compensate you for so much domestic misery. When you retire to bed it will be only to a second torture of fleas and other vermin, and you will pass a restless, feverish, sleepless night. Your children will cry and call for mamma half the night long; and you will get up to another day of speculation, gain or loss—a jaded wife, tired children, and thorough discomfort. Hence it is not just of those people who write books for the purpose of inducing emigration to Australia, to give an estimate only of the milk and honey the country offers. We believe a great quantity of the household milk to be sour, and most of its honey nought but gall and bitterness."

The Sabbath Morn.

—o—

'Tis Sabbath morn !—the solemn sound of bells
 Is borne upon the quiet holy breeze,
 From hallow'd churches that in yonder dells
 Lift up their heads half hidden by the trees.
 The birds, methinks, sing with a sweeter lay,
 And the sun, too, shines brighter on the Sabbath-day !

The streamlet with a clearer ripple flows ;
 The very flowers a richer perfume yield :—
 Even the cawing of the stately crows,
 That undisturb'd strut o'er the new-plough'd field,
 Seems musical to me ; while in the grove,
 With a more dreamy sound, the rustling branches move !

All toil is o'er :—I miss the blacksmith's stroke—
 The anvil's ring—the carter's noisy song—
 The forge's roar, and e'en its wreath of smoke,
 Now curls no more yon fir-tree boughs among—
 The noisy mill, too, for a time doth cease ;
 And all things tell alone of rest and holy peace !

But now the bells are silent ! and appear,
Within that sacred building, old and grey,
The honest rustics, who are met to hear
The Word of God, and keep His holy day !
'Tis sweet to see the group assembled there—
The youth, and timid maid, and those with silver hair !

Through the stain'd windows the glad sunshine streams
Upon the Gothic pillars, worn and old,
And on each fretted arch, until it seems
That they are built of precious stones and gold ;
And casting on the floor, in colours faint,
The shadowy outline of some rudely-pictured saint !

Though few they are and simple, there that raise
Their voice to Heaven responding to the prayer—
Nor pealing organ mingles with their praise—
Yet think not thou that God the less is there !
For He hath said, ' Wherever *two or three*
Are gather'd in My name, there in the midst I'll be !'

Oh ! there is something in a Sabbath morn ;
As if a charm to this sweet time were given,
To wean the mind from all that's *earthly born*,
And lift the heart adoringly to Heaven,
Making the spirit strive to break the chain
That binds it to this life of chequer'd joy and pain !

The Blind Man.

—o—



FAR off from the busy haunts of the city, stood a large farm-house, surrounded on one side by its many acres of cultivation, and on the other side by deep wild woods. From the farm-house gate there strolled a little boy, some seven years old, who had left the house in no gentle mood. Hastily he thrust an old shapeless straw hat on his head, and so far that you never could have seen a vestige of his beautiful curls that clustered in flat ringlets to his head, had it not been that there now and then strayed through the rents of the old hat some lovely ringlet, which seemed to say its owner could not be long in an ill-humour. As he entered the forest and walked on in silence, he heard the sound of horses' feet. Soon the rider came in sight, and with a cheerful “Well, my son,” he bounded from his horse.

Walter's flushed cheek and sullen appearance told that all was not right. Fondly the father looked upon his boy. Walter could not withstand the look. Hurriedly he exclaims—

“Oh, father! I am in an ill-humour—have been most all day. I don't want to be, yet I am, and I can't help it.”

“Walter! Walter!” was the grieved reply of the father.

Seizing his father's hand, the child leaned against it and wept bitterly. His father led him to an old fallen tree, upon which he seated himself and drew Walter near him until calmer moments; tears were succeeded by sobs, and these at last by Walter's list of grievances. In the first place, in the morning his mother had sent him with a basket of delicacies to old Mrs. Grumbler, and she only grumbled and grumbled, and said she guessed he never hurried one step of the way; if he had, she might have had an appetite for some of the things in the basket, but as it was she felt not the least bit of appetite. And then, when he was coming home, he met Mrs. Grumbler's boy, who called him a fool because he had given a poor blind man, who was begging on the road, the whole of his pocket-money. And everything had made him feel cross and bad-tempered.

“Is that all, my son, that has made you subject to such a sad mood all day? My little manly son has minded the idle grumbling of an ignorant old woman, and forgotten that we must seek to do good, not by one but by repeated acts of kindness—and has valued himself so highly that he entirely forgot how often our Saviour forgives our murmurs, and comes again with numberless blessings,—has also expected that an uncared-for and neglected boy, who has no advantages of a pleasant home, and winning ways of a religious and educated mother, should have the same views as himself.”

The father knelt there in the old solemn woods with his child, and there rang upon the air a strain of eloquent pleading, such as every child born of Christian parents must often have heard,—strains that linger over the memory oftentimes long

after that parent's tongue has been hushed in death ; even then returning with double influence.

They arose from their knees, and once more seated themselves upon the fallen tree.

“ Now, Walter,” said his father, “ I will tell you an incident in a blind man’s life, and then I want you to tell me if you regret giving the blind man you met to-day your small pittance :—

“ Slowly over the heated pavements came a little boy, leading carefully by the hand a blind man. There were but a few dwelling-houses in that street, for it was the most busy street in the city. From house to house the wearied ones passed ; timidly they entered each one, and you could easily see by the manner in which the little boy seized his faded sack and wiped the perspiration from his face, that his sensitive feelings were undergoing a torture that happily could not be seen by his blind friend.

“ Wearied and heart-sick, they turned away from the heated, bustling street. The many rebuffs had silenced each one, the boy and his friend. Excitedly they walked on with increased speed, until a sweet voice broke upon their ears, with the pleasant words—‘ Come in, my friends, and rest your tired selves !’ The garden gate was opened—they entered—she led the way to the house. A kind welcome was felt in the tones of her voice as she conducted them to a cool and retired porch, over which intermingled in luxuriance vines and climbing roses. Cool water was brought to lave their dusty faces and hands, easy chairs for their wearied limbs, and then came a sweet, cool drink of water, with palatable and nourishing food.

“ Gentle slumbers stole over the blind man, and for a while he slept, dreaming, in the mean time, that his friend was an angel that came and placed a candle on a table near him, and then came and laid her hands upon his eyes, when suddenly they opened and he could see. His joy was so great that it awakened him.

“ The young lady’s parents came and welcomed the blind stranger, kindly inquiring the cause of his blindness. Their surprise was great when they heard that it had been caused by recent illness, and that this little guide was an orphan that had been left to the care of the same family with whom he boarded during his long illness. The blind man bowed his head upon his hands as he told how sad and dejected he was; how his heart was sadly, sadly oppressed. Darkness—darkness that could be felt—always was to be his for life. Without money—without friends. A stranger in a strange land—he felt that death was preferable to life. And whilst these thoughts were weighing him down, the little guide came and inquired where his friends lived, ‘ For,’ said he, ‘ I have permission from this family to follow you through life. Come, we must be off at once for your friends and your home. We will beg from door to door, until we reach your home.’ ‘ Thus, my friends, we have been journeying—and may God bless you for your kindness to us this day. We must now start again.’

“ ‘ Stop a moment,’ said the old gentleman, who was a successful physician. ‘ I will not hold out any hopes for you, but yet if you will stay with us until I perform a certain operation upon your eyes, I will gladly take charge of you, with the hope that I may eventually be successful in restoring your eyesight.’

"The blind man's frame seemed to swell with unspeakable emotion, and with the awkwardness of perfect helplessness, he reached forth his hand to grasp the physician's.

"Time passed—the ordeal was passed—the day that was to decide whether he could have his eyesight or not, had come. His young friend Mary was in the room he knew, for when it was determined that all was well, he heard a sound that seemed to well up from a heart full of joy.

"Time passed on. Mary read to him, solacing thus many a weary hour. And when tired of reading she patiently listened while he told of the unhappy hours he had spent—those first hours in which he thought he should be blind for ever—hours of the bright morn, when he could feel the soft zephyr fanning his cheek, but, alas, could not see the beauty, the brightness of the morn—the sparkling dew he longed to see again, the bright green foliage, the many-hued flowers, the noble forests, the flowing rivers, the starry heavens, the human face with its expressions of sympathy,—all were lost to him, he thought, for ever.

"Restored at last to perfect health, and having, through the kindness of the doctor, recovered his eyesight, he took his little guide and journeyed on again."

"What became of him at last, father?" exclaimed Walter.

"Here he is sitting by your side, talking to you!"

"Why, father! father! was it you? were you really blind?"

"Yes, Walter, I was. And after I left the doctor's I found my way home, where an uncle of mine had left me quite a fortune. My little guide I had well educated; while I finished my studies and entered the ministry, and have, as you know,

the charge of the beautiful little church, St. John's; and my little guide will soon be prepared to carry light to those who now in foreign lands sit in darkness."

Walter tossed his old hat about for a while, then looking earnestly up, said—

"But what has become of Mary?"

"She is your mother, Walter."

Walter threw his arms round his father's neck, and said—

"Father, father! I do not regret the bestowal of my small pittance this day."

Twilight's mystic loveliness was stealing over the woodland scenery as Walter and his father entered the farm-yard gate. The mother received them fondly and gladly. The supper table was awaiting them, and upon the countenances of the happy group, which surrounded that table, not one trace of discontent could be found.



The Celestial Army.

—o—

I stood by the open casement,
And look'd upon the night,
And saw the westward-going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discern'd the music
Of the long triumphal march ;—

Till the great celestial army,
Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, for ever onward,
Red Mars led down his clan ;
And the Moon, like a mailed maiden,
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small,
But these might be, in their great heights,
The noblest of them all.

Downward, for ever downward,
Behind earth's dusky shore,
They passed into the unknown night,
They passed, and were no more.

No more! oh, say not so!
And downward is not just;
For the sight is weak, and the sense is dim,
That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailed Moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of Death
May hide the bright array,
The marshall'd brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its onward way.

Upward, for ever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of time.

And long let me remember,
That the palest fainting one
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blazing sun.



God's Teaching exemplified in the Works of Nature.

—o—

THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE.



HIS fruit is one of the great gifts of God to man. The tree which bears it is found on the continent of India, and in the islands of the South Seas. It grows to a middling size in Malacca, and bears a round, rough-skinned

fruit, about the size of a child's head. The skin is, however, thin, and the fruit has a conical-shaped core, surrounded by a white, farinaceous, pith-like substance.

This inner pith, which is the eatable portion, resembles the soft part of a new roll, and when roasted in thick slices, becomes an important article of food. The fruit is ripe in December, and is dressed in various ways, according to the taste or convenience of the parties using it. The Dutch cooks fry it in oil.

Besides using it as an article of food, the natives of the South Sea islands apply different parts of the bread-fruit

tree to various purposes. The wood is used in boat-building, and a cloth is made of the inner bark; the male flowers serve for tinder; the leaves for wrapping up food and for wiping hands, instead of towels; and the juice, for making cement for filling up the cracks of water-vessels. There are several varieties of the bread-fruit; the principal of these is the one without seed.

Both the bread-fruit and the yam are great blessings to the countries in which they grow. The latter (*dioscorea sativa*), the common yam, is largely cultivated in the West Indies, where it serves for food to the negroes, who eat it instead of bread. It yields large thick tubers, a foot broad, black on the outside, but when boiled remarkably white and mealy within, and very little inferior to the best potato.

The yam is extensively cultivated, both in the East and West Indies, and is used for ships' stores, as it will keep well for several months. Some of those most improved by cultivation yield tubers which are frequently three feet long, and weigh thirty pounds.

All the eatable species and varieties of this root are cultivated like the common potato, but they arrive much sooner at maturity, being planted in August, and fit to dig up in November.

STORY OF THE BREAD-FRUIT.

There is a very interesting narrative connected with the bread-fruit. Upon its discovery by Captain Cook in the South Sea islands, it was represented to the British Government that the introduction of it to the West Indies would be of great benefit to the inhabitants, particularly to the poor

slaves, as an article of food ; accordingly, in the year 1787, a vessel was fitted out in the most commodious manner for the reception of the plants, and placed under the command of Lieutenant Bligh, who had previously sailed with Captain Cook round the world.

There were, besides the captain, thirty-four persons, and also two intelligent botanists, who went for the purpose of collecting specimens of various plants in the South Sea islands, and of taking care of the bread-fruit cuttings during the voyage.

The *Bounty* sailed from Spithead on the 23rd of December, and, after meeting with a severe storm, put into Teneriffe, in order to refit. From this place she sailed on the 10th of January, 1788, and struggled for nearly a month in tempestuous weather. She was then obliged to bear away for the Cape of Good Hope ; but at last came to anchor in Matavia Bay, in the island of Otaheite.

The natives soon came aboard, some with pigs as presents, and some with plantain trees as tokens of peace. Captain Bligh went on shore, and was received with joy by the poor savages, who would insist on clothing him in the Otaheitean fashion, and showed him every mark of respect and friendship.

The *Bounty* stayed four months at Matavia, and received on board upwards of one thousand plants. She then made sail for another island called Annamooka, where the captain and crew carried on a brisk trade with the natives in yams, plantains, hogs, fruits, and other productions. The ship now steered away, bidding an affectionate farewell to the kind and simple-hearted islanders.

All things seemed now prosperous ; but, just as the captain was congratulating himself on the success of his mission, he was early one morning awakened by Young, and Christian, one of the mates, with three others, who tied his hands behind his back, and threatened him with instant death, if he spoke or made the least resistance. They then pulled him out of bed, forced him on deck, and placed him under a guard.

Christian, who was the leader of the mutiny, now ordered the boatswain to hoist the launch out, and Captain Bligh, with nineteen persons, was forced into it. The mutineers threw into it a few bags of bread, a joint or two of pork, a little wine, spirits, and water, and left its crew out in the open sea to shift for themselves, and get back to England as they could.

The captain first tried to land on some of the islands nearest to him, but they were inhabited by an unfriendly people ; one of his men was murdered in making the attempt, and the whole crew narrowly escaped. He then bore away for Timor, a distance of twelve hundred leagues, across an ocean whose navigation was scarcely known, exposed both to the dangers of the deep and to famine, their little store only allowing them to serve out *one ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water a day.*

But the captain and his crew passed through still greater privations. They were obliged, in one storm, to throw overboard all their superfluous clothes, spare sails, and ropes. They encountered several tempests,—sometimes the sea broke over the boat, and they were seldom dry. The allowance of food was gradually reduced, and that of rum withheld. One bird they caught, about the size of a pigeon, was divided into

eighteen portions, and greedily devoured ; but at last, in spite of all their misery, and after a variety of adventures and privations almost unexampled, on the 11th of June, Captain Bligh announced to his famished crew the pleasing intelligence, that, by observation of longitude, he found they had passed the meridian of the eastern part of Timor. At day-break on the following morning a cultivated coast, finely wooded, appeared before them. This was Timor, an island north of New Holland.

Thus, in a voyage of forty-one days, through an almost unknown sea, with the smallest stock of provisions, did this small company run a distance of three thousand six hundred and eighteen miles, without the loss of a single individual. And to what do you suppose this was owing? *Why, to order being preserved among the crew ; by their implicit obedience to their superior ; by Christian resignation ; by fortitude, and courage, and patience.*

Captain Bligh soon after came to England safe and sound, and a vessel was fitted out, in search of the mutineers. Several were taken, brought to England, and executed. From their statement it appeared that quarrels soon sprung up among them after the departure of their captain, and several suffered violent deaths, among whom was Christian, the instigator of the mutiny.

For a great number of years after, nothing was heard of the remainder of the crew ; but, at length, two British vessels chanced to fall in with Pitcairn's Island, and were astonished to find it inhabited ; and, more so, to find that the inhabitants spoke the English language.

At last a fine grey-headed old man came on board, and

confessed himself to be John Adams, one of the mutineers of the Bounty. This little colony consisted of forty-six persons, who had a pretty little village. They had cultivated the ground, and formed it after the English fashion. They were also peaceable, loving, and happy. Why was this? you will say.—John Adams had found out that good government and religion were necessary; he had instructed his community in their duty to God and man, and taught them obedience to a code of simple but efficient laws.



The Young.

—o—

THE world may believe in the wisdom Time teaches,
 And trust in its truth as the anchor of age,
 But weary and cold is the winter that reaches,
 Not only the head but the heart of the sage ;
 There are lights on the first steps of life that awaken,
 Oh ! never again on the far journey flung,
 But true to the wisdom our years have forsaken,
 And bright in their wrecks are the schemes of the young.

As hearth-light illumines the dark eve of December,
 Affection may beam through the winter of years,
 But will not the muser in silence remember,
 Some brow that still bound with his roses appears ;
 Alas ! for the dust and the change may pass over,
 The step and the tone to our mem'ry that clung,
 But time hath no shadow that bright track to cover,
 And life hath no love like the love of the young.

Remains there a mine unexplored, but believed in,
 Where lies the lost gold of our days at the goal,—
 Hath friendship a glance that she ne'er was deceived in,—
 Oh, they fall from us early those stars of the soul ;
 Have we trusted the light, have we toiled for the treasure,
 Though dimness and doubt o'er the searcher's path hung,—
 And oh ! could we pour to time's truth the full measure,
 Of trust that is found in the faith of the young.

Thou dreamer of age, there were themes of proud story,
And song that rose on thee like stars from the sea,
Old Time hath no scythe for the might of their glory,
But how hath that glory departed from thee ;
Thy soul yields no more to the spell of their splendour,
The tones it sent forth when the lyre was new-strung,
There are echoes still there for the brave and the tender,
But none such as gush from the hearts of the young.

Or say have they passed from the paths of thy journey,
The miss'd among thousands, the mourn'd-for apart,—
From the toil, from the tumult of life dost thou turn thee
At times to revisit the tombs of the heart ?
Green, green, in the leaf-fall of years will they greet thee,
If fill'd by the flowers in thy home-shade that sprung,
And bless'd are the lessons of love that will meet thee,
From memories laid up in the graves of the young.

Bright Spring of the Spirit so soon passing from it,
Thou know'st no return, and we ask thee not back,
For who that hath reach'd e'en the snows of the summit,
Would wish to retrace all the thorns of his track ;
And thorns it may be 'mid the verdure have found us,
Deep, deep, have they pierced though the pang be unsung,
But oh ! for the dew of that day-spring around us,
Once more as it falls on the paths of the young.



Story of a Shipwreck.

—o—



THE following account of a shipwreck on the coast of Africa is related by one of the survivors of the brig *La Lucie*, of Adge:—

“On the 27th of June last, the new polacca brig, the *Lucie*, of 215 tons burden, and manned by a crew of eight persons, including the captain, M. V. Lavialle, left the port of Algiers in ballast, with beautiful weather, bound for Gorea and Gambia, where a cargo of *arachides* awaited it, destined for Marseilles. On the 13th of July, at 10 o'clock p.m., the weather was dreadful; the sea threatened

to swallow up the vessel, and a tremendous leak was soon sprung. Several manœuvres to caulk the seams were tried in vain; the two boats used in these operations were hurled against the side of the brig, and several of the crew narrowly escaped drowning. Exhausted by fatigue, they resolved to

await the dawn. When daylight appeared, however, it only served to show the panic-stricken mariners the fearful position in which they were placed: the *Lucie* was wrecked on the coast of the great desert of Sahara, which was the very antipodes of its course.

"The sea still raged with the utmost fury. Various manœuvres were tried, but without any result. It was necessary to renounce them, and to resort to other measures. Each man then made a parcel of his clothes; a sail served for the preservation of a small quantity of provisions; the mainmast was cut down, and on this frail piece of wood eight men, variously laden, reached the shore, not without having experienced the most cruel sufferings. Having landed, the mariners raised a tent with the sail, and reposed from their long fatigues until the morning of the 15th July, when they began their march along the coast, towards St. Louis of Senegal, more than a hundred leagues distant from the site of their shipwreck. They were dejected and distressed in spirits, and tears filled their eyes. On the evening of the third day's march their scanty supply of water failed them, and it was then resolved (horrible to relate) that their common drink should be salt water. Eight days had already elapsed since these unhappy wretches had bid adieu to the *Lucie*. In this arid country, the soil of which was burning sand, no vestige of humanity had yet appeared to rekindle hope in their hearts. The captain, however, still uttered expressions of encouragement and consolation. On the morning of the ninth day Cape Blanco presented itself, and the travellers descried two Moors, who by signs gave them to understand that they were near a habitation where they would be

favourably received. ‘Courage!’ cried our sailors, who directed their steps towards the spot. They soon reached a wretched cabin, whence a Moor emerged, and, with loud vociferations, laid hands on the small quantity of provisions that still remained to them. The eight sailors allowed themselves to be robbed without resistance. Hope had given way to despair. They resumed their toilsome march, and soon afterwards were assailed by a band of Moors, who stripped them of everything.

“This Arab band drew a circle around them, and conducted them, as prisoners, amidst shouts and the most unintelligible howlings, to a neighbouring settlement. Having reached this spot in a dying state, the unfortunate mariners were ordered to kneel. They did so, and the infant Moors, excited by their mothers, cast whole handfuls of sand into their eyes by way of allaying the existing irritation. A vehement discussion next arose, and a council of savages was convened to decide the fate of the captives. The women were more ferocious than the men, and insisted on a sentence of death, which was brutally pronounced by the council. Towards night it was decided, by drawing straws, to whom the victims should be surrendered. Meanwhile, however, the tender sex retired; and the male Moors, having scourged the naked mariners to the very verge of death, made signs to them to escape by flight. The prisoners offered up a momentary prayer to Almighty God, and then, staff in hand, resumed their journey, without knowing whither to go. After a toilsome journey during the whole night, our fugitives found themselves, at sunrise, on the sea shore; exhausted by hunger, fatigue, and sickness, the eight unfortunates fell upon

the sand and went to sleep. On awaking, the captain, Laviolle, and three of the seamen detached themselves from their companions on a journey of exploration, to discover a less dangerous route. Alas! the consequences of this courageous resolve were disastrous, for the four men never reappeared. Two hours after their departure the four remaining seamen saw that they were pursued by the Moors; they concealed themselves, but in vain. They were dragged from their lurking place, and again most cruelly maltreated, the fair sex, as before, displaying by far the greatest ferocity. The only habiliments that remained to them—their shirts—were taken from them, they were stripped stark naked, mercilessly bastinadoed, and abandoned to their fate.

“At nightfall a fearful tempest mended the aspect of affairs; the fiery wind was suffocating, and one of the sailors perished, whilst his companions passed the night literally buried in the sand. At daybreak the survivors resolved to return to the site of the wreck, in the hope of finding some nourishment on board the vessel.

“After four days’ march they found the articles of dress which they had scattered along the road the day when they abandoned the *Lucie*, and so re-clothed their weary and bruised limbs. Another of the seamen died on the route, but on the fifth day the remainder reached the site of the shipwreck. The two surviving seamen went on board, but, alas! the natives had anticipated them, and plundered the brig of every article.

“They had now struggled against famine and fatigue for ten days, and resolved to await death. In the interim, however, a white spot was descried in the distance; it proved

to be a vessel in full sail. A signal was hoisted by the two seamen, and at length, after much delay, the captain (fearing that it was a mere stratagem of the Moors to decoy him into their hands) sent a shallop ashore, and rescued the dying wretches.



Precepts to be Remembered.

—o—

PROSPERITY gains friends, and adversity tries them.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel, than to revenge it.

Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools.

To err is human, to forgive divine.

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry secretly.

Diligence, industry, and a proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young.

Anger may glance into the brain of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools.

Sincerity and truth are the foundation of all virtue.

By others' faults wise men correct their own.

To mourn without measure is folly, not to mourn at all insensibility.

Truth and error, virtue and vice, are things of an immutable nature.

Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all; yet without a friend the world is but a wilderness.

Industry is the parent of every excellence. The finest talents would be lost in obscurity if they were not called forth by study and cultivation.

Idleness is the bane of everything; it is like the barren soil on which all labour and cultivation are thrown away.

The Mourner's Return.

—o—

[These lines, written after accompanying the remains of a loved and last child from London to its last resting place, were merely intended for private perusal among those interested in the beautiful, too highly-gifted deceased.]

“Who knoweth not, in all these, that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this? In whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind.”—Job, ch. xii.

HOME of my happier days ! we meet once more,
 Yet meet we not as we have met before :—
 Alone and desolate thy hall I tread,
 Widowed and childless ! mourning o'er the dead.
 Yet murmuring not that all have pass'd away,
 I know 'twas right, and, though I feel—obey !

There was a time, recall'd by clinging thought,
 When children clustered round the hearth I sought,—
 When love e'er welcom'd me—when I could turn
 To clasp my treasures—not embrace an urn.

Bright spirits ! from your angel realm above,
If ye have watched a father's fears and love,—
Behold him seated near the silent dead.
Tears of too late repentance vainly shed,
Mourning, in bitterness of spirit, o'er
Lost joys he prized not half enough before.

All memory darken'd—hope o'ercast in gloom,—
The past, the present, and the time to come,
All, all alike—save that, through faith, mine eye
Essays to pierce into Eternity !
Then glorious all appear ; no sin, no death,
No sinking spirit, and no failing breath,
No fell disease to blight each bud of joy :
Hope without sorrow—peace without alloy !

Father of Mercies ! may redemption bring
To my crush'd soul “a healing on its wing :”
Shed o'er me, Lord (if so thy will design,
For thou alone hast power), Thy peace divine :
Blot out my sins, bend low my stubborn will,
And—as Thou hast been—be my Father still !
Lead me to Heaven—to those thou ledd'st before,
And, through my Saviour, open mercy's door,—
That I may feel, whate'er my sorrows be,
“ *I go to them—though they come not to me !* ”



Wish for no Man's Wealth.

—o—



WISH I had money," said a young, hearty-looking man, as a rich man passed him in the street. And so has wished many a youth before him, who devotes so much of his time to wishing, that too little is left for working. But never does one of these draw a comparison between their several fortunes. The rich man's money looms up like a balloon before them, hiding uncounted cares and anxieties, from which they are free; keeping out of sight those bodily ills that luxury breeds, and all the mental horrors of *ennui* and satiety; the fear of death that wealth fosters, the jealousy of life and love from which it is inseparable. Let none wish for unearned gold. The sweat by which it is gathered is the only sweet by which it is preserved for enjoyment, for in too literal a sense it is true, that "it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." Wish for no man's money. The health, and strength, and freshness, and sweet sleep of youth are yours. Young love, by day and night, encircles you. Hearts un-

soiled by the deep sin of covetousness beat fondly with your own. None, ghoul-like, listen for the death-tick in your chamber ; your shoes have value in men's eyes—only when you tread in them. The smiles no wealth can purchase greet you —living ; and tears that rarely drop on rosewood coffins will fall from pitying eyes upon you—dying. Be wise in being content with competency. You have to eat, to drink, to wear—enough ? then have you all the rich man hath. What though he fares more sumptuously ? He shortens life—increases pains and aches, impairs his health thereby. What if his raiment be more costly ? God loves him none the more, and man's respect in such regard comes ever mingled with his envy. Nature is yours in all her glory : her ever-varying and for ever beautiful face smiles peace upon you. Her hills and valleys, fields and flowers, and rocks, and streams, and holy places, know no desecration in the step of poverty ; but welcome ever to their wealth of beauty—rich and poor alike. Be content ! The robin chirps as gaily as the gorgeous bird of paradise. Less gaudy is his plumage, less splendid his surroundings. Yet no joy that cheers the Eastern beauty, but comes upon his barren hills to bless the nest that robin builds. His flight is as strong, his note as gay, and in his humble home the light of happiness shines all as bright, because no envy dims it. Let us, then, labour and be strong —in the best use of that we have ; wasting no golden hours in idle wishes for things that burden those who own them, and could not bless us if we had them, as the gifts already bestowed by a wisdom that never errs. Being content, the poorest man is rich ; while he who counts his millions hath little joy if he be otherwise.

The Bound of Life.

— o —

SOME are serving—some, commanding ;
Some are sitting—some are standing ;
Some, rejoicing—some are grieving ;
Some, entreating—some, relieving ;
Some are weeping—some are laughing ;
Some are thirsting—some are quaffing ;
Some, accepting—some, refusing ;
Some are thrifty—some, abusing ;
Some, compelling—some, persuading ;
Some are flatt'ring—some, degrading ;
Some are patient—some are fuming ;
Some are modest—some, presuming ;
Some are leasing—some are farming ;
Some are helping—some are harming ;
Some are running—some are riding ;
Some, departing—some, abiding ;
Some are sending—some are bringing ;
Some are crying—some are singing ;
Some are hearing—some are preaching ;
Some are learning—some are teaching ;
Some, disdaining—some, affecting ;
Some, assiduous—some, neglecting ;

Some are feasting—some are fasting ;
Some are saving—some are wasting ;
Some are losing—some are winning ;
Some, repenting—some are sinning ;
Some, professing—some, adoring ;
Some are silent—some are roaring ;
Some are restive—some are willing ;
Some, preserving—some are killing ;
Some are bounteous—some are grinding ;
Some are seeking—some are finding ;
Some are thieving—some, receiving ;
Some are hiding—some, revealing ;
Some, commanding—some are blaming ;
Some, dismemb'ring—some, new framing ;
Some are quiet—some, disputing ;
Some, confuted and confuting ;
Some are marching—some, retiring ;
Some are resting—some, aspiring ;
Some, enduring—some, deriding ;
Some are falling—some are rising ;
These are sufficient to recite,
Since all men's deeds are infinite ;
Some end their parts when some begin ;
Some go out—and some come in.



An Indian Festival.

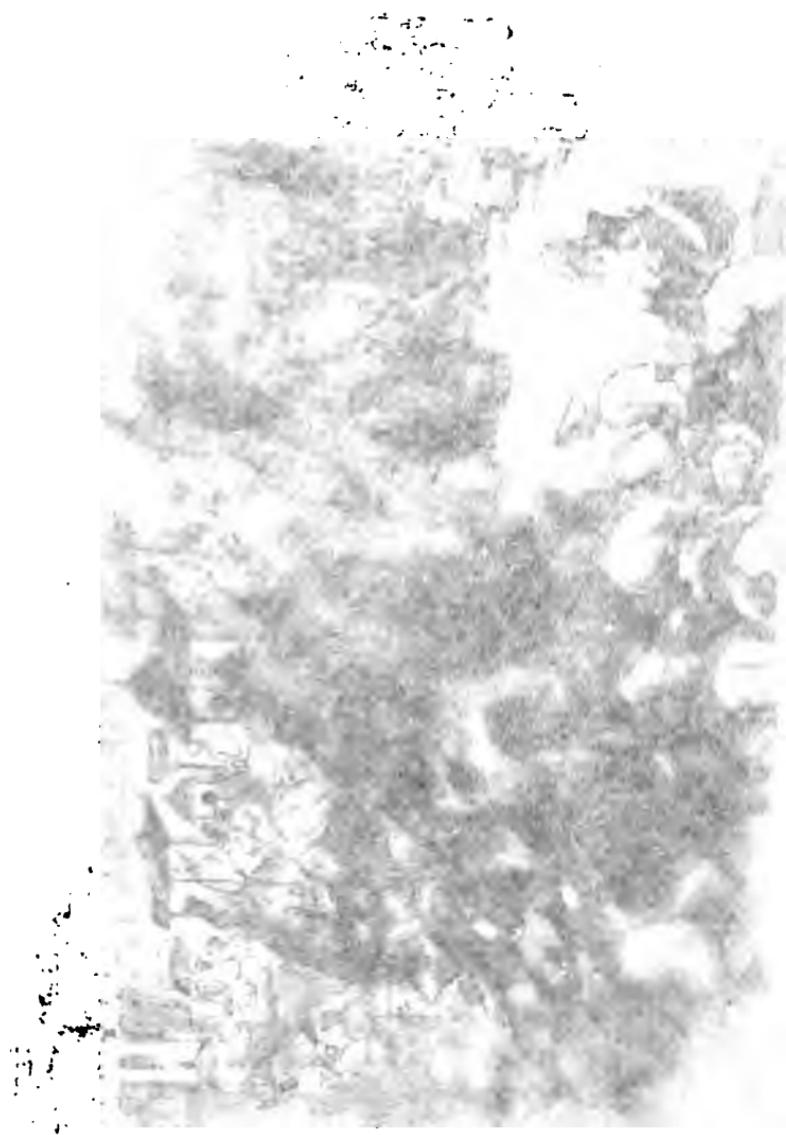


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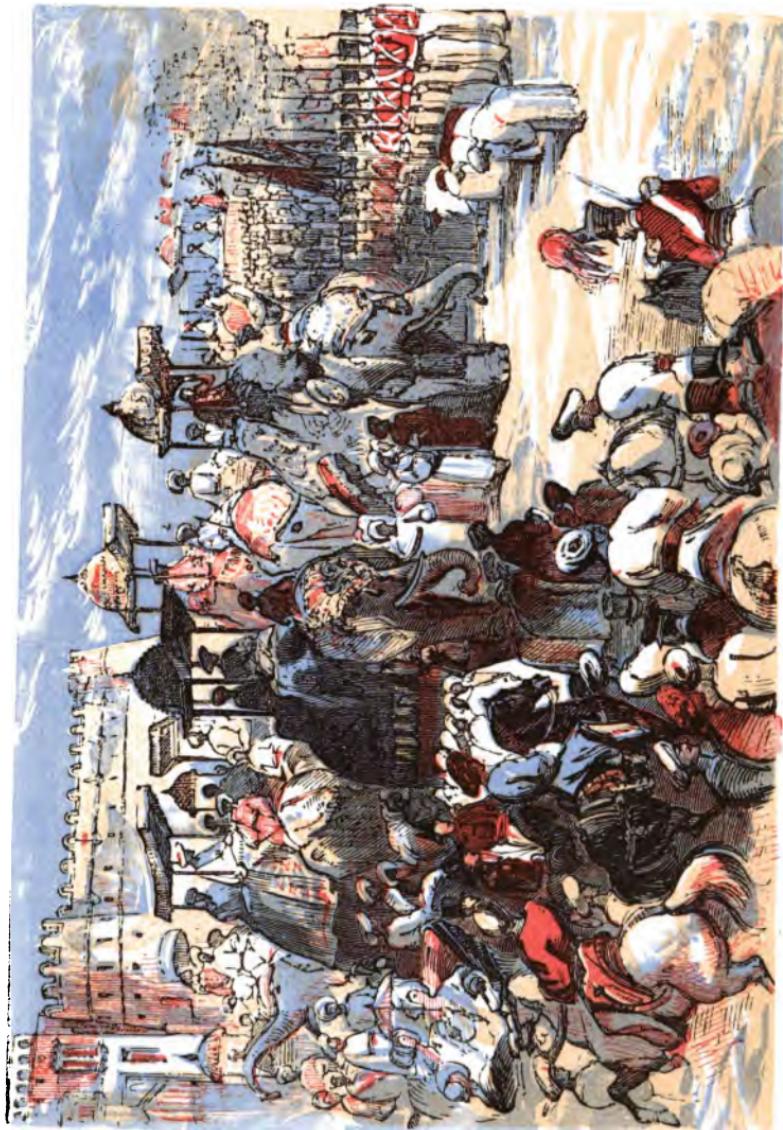
NDIA, mysterious and beautiful! India, glowing and gorgeous! the golden prize contended for by Alexander; the theatre of great actions, and even now, in spite of recent events, the brightest jewel in our beloved Victoria's crown! India the romantic, the fervid, the dreamy land of the rising sun; the far away, the strange, the wonderful, the original, the brave, the conquered!—how many strange histories, how many romantic legends, how many stern hard facts are associated with its name. Everything that is splendid and everything that is mean may be told of its inhabitants. The most sumptuous luxury and the most squalid poverty sit side by side. In our engraving we have a picture of one of those splendid festivals, once so common in India during the rule of its native princes, in which elephants dressed in cloth of gold, soldiers, music, and thousands of people bore part in the pageantry of kings now known only by name. But these festivals were not always as harmless as the one here represented. In their cruel religion

the native tribes of India think nothing of the shedding of blood, as witness the dreadful car of Juggernaut, the burning of widows, and the swinging festivals. With regard to the latter I am able to give you an account as furnished by Mr. Holmes, of Chowringhee, an English resident in India, and an eye-witness of the scenes he describes. The bloody rites of the Churruch Poojah, or swinging festivals, take place annually in the spring in honour of the god Shiva. They were celebrated during his stay in Calcutta, and he was witness to the cruelties inflicted on its victims—cruelties voluntarily submitted to on the part of the individuals who undergo them.

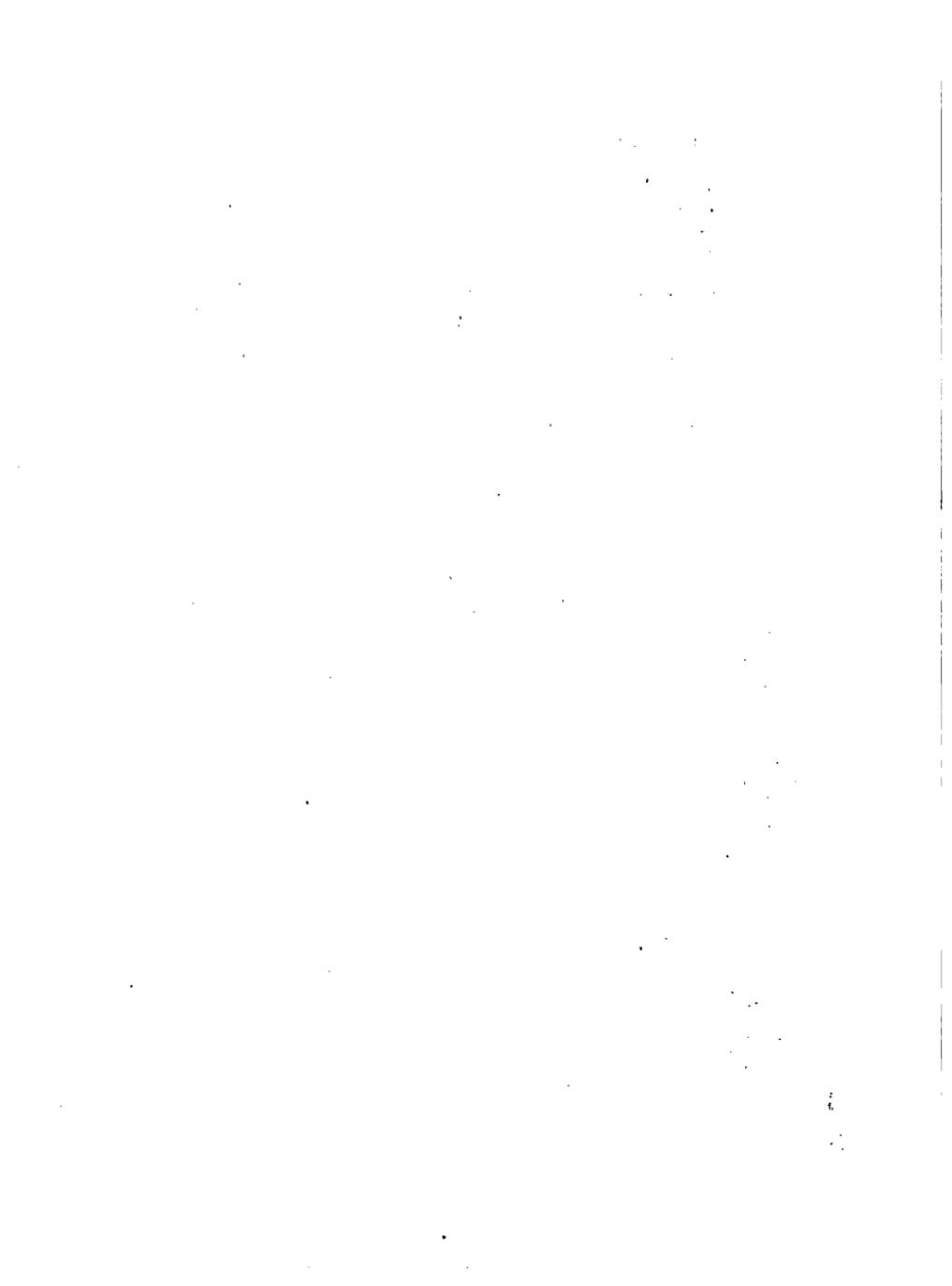
"As a ceremony of this kind was to take place on the 11th of April, in the Circular Road, which is distant from Calcutta about two miles, some other gentlemen and I who were desirous to see it drove in that direction, and the whole line of road leading to the place was crowded with natives of every caste and shade of colour, wending their way thither to see the degrading spectacle, and dressed up in the most gaudy and fantastic manner possible. Great numbers of the women and children had large brass rings about four inches in diameter through their noses, also rings round their ankles by way of ornament. The spot where the tragic scene was to be enacted was a large square, surrounded with houses, on the tops of which were seated crowds of Indians of every age, and all more or less excited with an intoxicating compound called 'bhang.' In the centre of this square was erected a long pole sixty feet high, at the top of this was another about forty feet long, placed at right angles to the former, working in a socket in the centre, and capable of being whirled round;



the author of this kind went to the
University of Cambridge Royal which contains
also a manuscript of a similar grammar, written
in the same hand, and containing grammar, ety-
mology, and other parts of the same kind, in
one volume, and to the author of this grammar
and to the author of the other, according to
the manuscript, which is preserved in
the University of Cambridge, and
and of the author of the grammar, which is
also in the University of Cambridge, and
of the author of the grammar, which is
also in the University of Cambridge.



Indian Scene.



and to each end was attached a rope. Having waited for ten minutes or so, the infatuated native who was to be swung came in, amid the beating of Indian drums and shouts of the people. The man had a wild expression of countenance, with his eyes glaring, being under the influence of bhang, of which he had consumed great quantities, during the three previous days, to deaden the pain. This unfortunate native had two large iron hooks (not unlike those used by butchers at home for hanging up meat) thrust through his back, three inches apart, and making a wound four inches in length, from which the blood streamed down. This being done, the men tied the rope which was fixed to one of the ends of the horizontal pole to the two hooks in his back, and likewise passed it through a cloth, which was tied slackly round his breast to prevent him falling to the ground should the flesh give way, which it sometimes does. They then pulled down the other end of the pole, which of course raised the one with the man along with it, and then ran round at a great speed for the space of a quarter of an hour. All this time the poor man was suspended in the air with the hooks in his back, and whirling round fifty feet from the ground ; and from the manner in which he kicked about his legs he appeared to be suffering great agony. When he was let down, and the hooks taken out of his back, he was more dead than alive, and the laceration caused by them was frightful. Men who undergo the swinging seldom survive it."

And yet, in spite of the gross superstition which allows the natives of India to submit to these disgusting rites, they are a patient and ingenious people ; in all kinds of handicraft they exhibit great taste and judgment, and, when properly

managed, they make excellent soldiers. To the influence these religious superstitions exercise over their minds, and to the veneration they have for their ancient rulers, we probably owe the late rebellion.



The Woods.

WONDROUS are ye, worshipful and solemn,
 Glorious sylvan temples, echoing fanes,
 Cluster'd roof, and interlacing column,
 Pavement tessellate with golden stains.

Incense from unnumbered censers stealing
 Through your cloister'd roof and archways dim,
 Tuneful winds and organ-voices pealing,
 Chanting softly now a choral hymn.

Oriel-openings through your shimmering vistas,
 Letting in the presence of the sky
 On the trembling leaves, by sunbeams kiss'd, as
 By bright Angels' blessing from on high !

For all periods ye have celebration,
 Matins, vespers, vigils for the night ;
 Fragrant dews for fitting consecration ;
 Autumn's generous communion-rite.

Wailing tempests that with pomp funereal
 In his snowy shroud dead winter bring ;
 Joyous summer's flowery hymeneal ;
 Pure baptism of the early spring.

Through your shadowy precincts as we wander
 Buried memories lying 'mid the gloom
 Reverently with inward glance we ponder
 The dim writing on each silent tomb.

The Home of our Princess Royal.

—o—



R. WHITE, in his "July Holiday in Silesia," gives us the following interesting description of the Prince's castle, the residence of our Princess Royal, now Princess Frederick-William of Prussia:— "The castle is an old possession of the Knights-Templar, repaired

and beautified. It has towers and turrets, and windows of quaint device; and a small inner court, and a surrounding moat, spanned by a bridge at the entrance. Outside the moat are shady walks and avenues of limes, and the gardens, which did not come up to my notion of what is royal, either in fruits or flowers. With plantations on the hills around and in the park, the whole place has a pleasant bowery aspect. As we crossed the bridge there seemed something inhospitable in the sight of two large cannon guarding the entrance; but the porteress told us they were trophies from Affghanistan, captured at the battle in which Prince Waldemar was wounded—a present from the British Government. The fittings of the rooms are mostly of varnished pine, to which the furniture and hangings do no violence. There are a few good paintings. 'A very little place,' said the Dresdener, as we walked from room to room. 'Not quite what your Princess Royal has been used to, perhaps; but she will be able to pass summer holidays here agreeably enough.' "

Something about Ships.

—o—



WILL now tell you something about ships. The first idea of a ship is said to have been suggested by a split reed floating on the water ; hence the word canoe, from *canna*, a reed. Some, however, had supposed that the original idea of a boat was derived from the form of the breast-bone of a goose, which greatly resembles the keel and sides of a boat ; be this as it may, it seems certain that vessels made to sail on the waters have been known from the earliest times. The Egyptians used a kind of bark built of wood, with a large sail formed of papyrus.



CHINESE JUNK.

The Chinese too have probably possessed the same form of vessel for more than three thousand years. This form of vessel was probably that in which the Phœnicians made their trading voyages to our island. We are told that the ships in which the Saxon pirates cruised in the German Ocean, and invaded Britain, were made with a wooden keel, sides and upper parts of wicker, and the exterior of hides. But they gradually im-

proved; and, in the sixteenth century, a ship was built called the "Great Harry," then the wonder of the day. Her bow and poop were of a prodigious height. She had an immense beak, with bow and stern balconies; six round towers at the angles of the poop, gangway, and forecastle, like the turrets of a castle; four masts with tops, literally round, inverted cones, and abundant streamers on every spar.

Modern ships have greatly improved on this pattern. Instead of a great lumbering machine, with immense masts and a rounded prow, we have now light graceful fast-sailing vessels, with high tapering spars and sharp bows.



The word **SHIP** is a general name for all large vessels; but its more strict meaning is a square-rigged vessel with three distinct masts. English vessels are commonly divided into three classes —"ships of war," "merchant ships," and "commission ships." Ships of war are divided into different rates, accord-

ing to their number of guns. A ship that carries 100 guns or more is called a *first* rate; when from 90 to 98, *second* rates; when from 64 to 80, *third* rates; when from 50 to 60, *fourth* rates. These again are divided into *ships of the line* and *frigates*.



BRIG.



SCHOONER.

A BRIG is a square-rigged vessel with two masts. A SCHOONER is also a two-masted vessel, with fore and aft sails, with a boom to each mast.

A SLOOP is a vessel with one mast, having its sails set in the plane of its length, except the bowsprit, which rises upwards, and inclines towards the stem. A CUTTER is also a one-masted vessel, of a light build, and constructed for fast sailing.



SLOOP



DUTCH GALIOT.



ALGERINE FELUCCA.

A DUTCH GALIOT is rigged something like a schooner, but it is of a more clumsy and substantial form, its bottom being nearly flat, and its sides very much rounded. An ALGERINE FELUCCA is a light boat, with two sails, constructed so as to go very swiftly before the wind, and differs from the BARGE, common on our coasts, by being of much lighter build.



BARGE.

But the most useful if not the most elegant vessel seen in our rivers and seas is the STEAMER. In this vessel all the requisites for fast sailing by means of steam and sails are provided; and to such a degree of perfection has the art of ship-building arrived that a vessel, the "Great Eastern," has lately been constructed of size and power sufficient to carry her own coals, cargo,

and passengers, from England to Australia. In this and other vessels iron has taken the place of wood, and every appliance of modern science has been employed without reference to cost.



STEAMER.



The Rainbow.

—o—

OH ! beautiful arch of the sky,
 Like thee, lovely HOPE, still appears,
 Given out by some light from on high,
 To throw smiles in the midst of our tears ;
 And with beauty and brightness, in grief to illume,
 The depths of our sorrow and clouds of our gloom.

When the cloud-cover'd aspect of heaven,
 Is more gloomy and darksome and drear ;
 A double display then is given,
 Of thy image still lovely and clear ;
 Like faith to the Christian's heaven-gazing eye,
 Increasing in brightness when perils draw nigh.

And thy colours so happily blending,
 A type of that faith seems to be,
 Which, although diverse, is still ending
 In one ray of light, Lord, from thee ;
 And, like thy proud pillars, seems form'd to embrace
 In harmonious concord, the whole human race.

Then, O glory and light of the storm,
 Whene'er on thy beauty we gaze,
 May some token be given to warm
 Our bosoms to rapturous praise,
 Unto Him, whose good spirit in mercy doth rest,
 In its beauty and light on the storm-ruffled breast.

The Spider in his Workshop.



EW persons, says Mr. Kidd, can boast of having seen the garden-spider at the commencement of his operations. They work either in the night or very early in the morning. I contrived, however, to see the architect ere he had entirely finished his outworks, and was indeed delighted at the wonderful sagacity of his calculations. He planned and executed at the same time. There was no guess-work ; everything was done on mathematical principles of exactness. His ropes, ladders, and scaffold being adjusted and fixed, and their strength thoroughly tested, the next step was to proceed with the internal arrangements. These consisted of a series of concentric circles, in the formation of which the most consummate art was manifested. The house-spider's net, or web, is composed of one kind of silk only. The garden-spider uses two kinds of silk in his operations. That which is employed in constructing the radii is not of an adhesive nature ; but the reverse is the case with silk used for the concentric circles ; consequently it is by these last that the prey is secured. On paying him a second visit, he was seen comfortably and boldly stretched out on the

centre of his mansion, head downwards. He had not break-fasted, but was evidently expecting company. Having witnessed his gigantic labours, a thought suggested itself that I should assist in providing the company. Accordingly, a wasp which found its way in at the window was struck down. Picking it up with the end of a partially-closed scissors, I took my position in front of the web. The eyes of spiders, it would appear, are so constructed as not to readily discern large objects, unless when in motion. My presence, therefore, was quite unheeded. I had frequently noticed this curious fact on former occasions. Presenting the wasp at the end of the scissors, his majesty first regarded it with fear; then with a feeling of hungry delight. His first impression was to run away from it, which he did. But as it was not quite dead, and was struggling, he evidently feared it might break away, and so escape altogether. Returning, therefore, he surveyed his prey, as if doubtful how to manage him, for he unmistakeably dreaded his sting. Herein was seen the sagacity, instinct, or reason, of our hero. Placing one toe on the head and another on the lower part of the wasp's body—avoiding the sting in the most masterly manner—in this stretched-out position he turned several somersaults with him, and fairly doubled him up in his web, encasing him so firmly in his toils of new-spun silk, that his death was immediate. He then dragged him up to a snug little apartment, over-arched by ivy, and there he sucked the juice of his body. In the course of sundry other experiments with this same spider, I coaxed him to come down over and over again, to secure other prey, in the form of flies, &c., which I presented with the naked

finger and thumb. He seized them greedily, spun rapidly round them to entomb them in his toils, and on every occasion returned immediately to his apartment to continue his feast on the savoury wasp.



The Worship of Nature.

—o—

IN the fields and in the meadows
 Let me worship lovely things ;
 Let me feel the kiss of nature,
 When each bird with gladness sings.
 Let me feel the sunshine warming,
 E'en my heart unto its core ;
 And I'll learn a grander moral
 Than e'er came from prelate's lore.

Let me kneel beside the mountain,
 On the fresh and fragrant sod ;
 Where nature stands in majesty,
 And pictures forth its God !
 Let me feel the gaze of beauty
 In the summer's ripen'd prime,
 Where my soul would bathe in radiance,
 Like a thought in golden rhyme.

Let me wander where the flowers
 Bend and wane with dewy crowns ;
 Where delight is never clouded,
 And where sorrow never frowns ;

Where the primrose meek and golden,
 Opes its bosom to the gale ;
While the lay of some sweet warbler
 Runs in ripples down the vale.

Let me worship where the dewdrops
 Fall like jewels from the tree ;
Where my soul might feel its splendour,
 Like a streamlet, running free.
Let me hear the birds with rapture,
 Ever panting forth their songs ;
And I'd envy not the praises
 From a thousand saintly tongues.

In the wood and in the forest,
 In the Sabbath's holy light,
I would learn the law of goodness
 And the godlike law of right :
Feel a grandeur grow within me,
 Which the priest can never give ;
Learn the noblest path of duty,
 And the fairest way to live.



Caspar's Day-Dreams.



—o—

GERMAN, named Caspar Rauchbilder, was abstruse of mind and able of body. From his ancestors he inherited a blond complexion and a talent for boiling sugar; so that he had no trouble in acquiring either. His calling he pursued far eastward of London's famous Tower, somewhere near the docks, and where many chimneys feed the murky air of Wapping. But the thick atmosphere suited Caspar's thoughtful turn; it favoured mental abstraction, and kept aloof those obtrusive materialisms which he deemed the main obstacles to transcendental discovery. His favourite motto was, "Ex fumo dare lucem;";* and in order to enhance the partial opacity of his abode, he plied a

* "Smoke is the sire of light;" a witty allusion to the lamp-black in printers' ink.

perpetual meerschaum. He used to say that it was no wonder that the Egyptians were the wisest nation of antiquity, after three days of such glorious darkness as they had once enjoyed ; and he often thought that if, like a celebrated lawyer, he could live in a cavern, he would yet be able to throw some light on the world.

It was the ninth of November, and Caspar's more frivolous companions had gone to the Lord Mayor's Show. They went, but they saw it not. Like a railway train, which dives from rustic gaze into the heart of a mountain, the show was tunnelling its invisible progress through the heart of a London fog, and it was only by the snort of trombones and the racket of drums that Cockaigne was conscious when civic majesty passed along. Our sage found higher employment for the holiday. Just as the candle in a sixpenny cathedral —such as Italian stucco-merchants display on area-rails— just as that candle begins to come red and green through the coloured windows, when evening shrouds the city, and street-lamps are being lit, so Caspar was conscious this misty day of bright gleams in his sensorium ; and he determined on improving the inward light. Before the fire he hung a shaggy coat, which he called a bosom-friend ; and it deserved the name. The bosom-friend was somewhat damp ; for the fog had beaded all the nap with a dirty dew. And on the table Caspar placed a German sausage and a dish of Hamburg kraut. But ere clogging his faculties with this slight refection, our philosopher thought good to improve the fit of inward clear-seeing with which he then and there felt visited. Accordingly, settling down in his easy chair, and inspissating the atmosphere with volumes of to-

bacco, he began to see his way through the system of the universe.

And it was not long before the sugar-boiler beheld himself a social reformer. He recollects how often he had seen the grey or yellow dust arrive at their factory, and leave it the brilliant sugar-loaf. And in that raw article he viewed an emblem of human nature, as it comes from the hand of priests and princes, and in that sugar-loaf he saw human nature as it quits the mill of the philosopher. There is first the boiling *in vacuo*. He would put society into the cauldron, but would be careful not to raise the temperature above hot water. And in order to secure a perfect vacuum, he would relieve it of all prejudices and all property. He would pump off those national codes and positive faiths which now weigh with tremendous pressure on the human soul; and as soon as that was accomplished, it would be the work of a moment to bring sentiment and principle into a state of absolute solution—the first object to be sought by a regenerator of the social system. The next business is to clarify the melted mass. Nothing can be easier. “In our works,” pursued the seer, “have we not a filter of charred bones? and have I not seen the current pass into that strainer brown as sherry, and quit it clear as crystal? In like manner let us burn the bones of the old beliefs and the outworn decencies. Ha, ha! they are now but skeletons! And from the ashes we will make a filter, through which this selfish age shall pass and emerge a New Moral World. And then, in order to preserve this sweet syrup of refined humanity, it must be caught in moulds, and consolidated, and cast, and kept. For this purpose one recommends as the best form pyramids, and Fourier doats

about phalanxes. But these simpletons had never seen a sugar-factory. Their purblind optics were never blessed with the sight of an unbroken sugar-loaf. Talk of circles, phalanxes, and pyramids, as if nature abhorred the cone! Is it not the most comprehensive of all figures, embodying the triangle, the circle, the ellipse, the parabola, the hyperbola? And the most graceful—suggesting at once the solidity of the pyramid, and the curving fulness of the sphere? Away with all compromise! I vow to reconstruct society on the only perfect model. I shall teach every man to be the lover of all, and the friend of none; and this pure and public-spirited product, I shall fix—I shall stereotype. Whilst yet fluent and limpid, I shall draw it off into moulds ready-made; and in Cones of Concord, in Sugar-loaves of Sympathy, society will crystallize into its final and perfect organization. And should there settle down at the inverted apex any dregs of the old system, is there not the turning-lathe to pare away the anti-social feculence? All shall be alike talented, alike strong and healthy; and all equally amiable, rich, and happy. Our crest must be the sugar-cone; our motto, SOLIDITY, SINCERITY, SUAVITY."

At this point of the speculation there mingled, with the odour of meerschaum, a smell more akin to burning bones. It was not an old belief or an outworn morality, but the pea-jacket too near the fire. The bosom-friend was burning. Caspar brushed the singed and smoking nap, and put his fingers through the brown and crumbling skirt; and lighting the lamp, he found that a neighbouring cur had played an old prank, and stolen the sausage during his reverie. However, Caspar comforted himself. The cur had stolen

the sausage, but he had left the sauer-kraut, and the sugar-loaf theory.

Should the reader be acquainted with any of the works lately published on the Organization of Labour and the Reconstruction of Society, he will not laugh at the reverses of Caspar Rauchbilder. Nor will he expect us to refute them. If it be idle work to build castles in the air, it is idle work besieging them.

We know, however, that such speculations are interesting to two classes of readers. There are some profligate persons who catch at everything which puts good for evil, or which offers to relieve them from moral obligation. They are tired of their wives and children; they are tired of working; they are tired of honesty; they would fain be fingering the hard-earned savings of their fellow-labourers; and they do not like the Christian ordinance, "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat." They would be glad to have the pocket of the Shadowless Man, so that if hungry they might produce a tray with green peas and smoking cutlets, or if drowsy they might put in their hand and pull out a posted bed with its blankets. But as the Shadowless Man will not part with his pocket, they will be content, as next best, to eat their neighbour's cutlet and sleep in their neighbour's blankets.

But besides the lazy and licentious, to whom all such schemes are welcome, we believe that at this moment many an industrious man feels so unhappy, that he would hail any change in the social system as a possible change for the better. And if, like us, he has read some of the glowing invectives and prophecies of these eager speculators, the wish may very naturally prove father to the thought, and he may fancy that no-

thing except a rearrangement of society is needful to bring about a golden age.

We, too, are social reformers. We see many things which grieve us. We see much extravagance among the rich, and much improvidence among the poor. We see a great deal of pride and bitterness. We see the pride of rank, which believes that itself is porcelain and that common men are clay. We see the bitterness of penury, which resents the wealth of others as a crime, and which deems it a proof of spirit to insult a man of higher station. We see a fearful amount of tyranny. We see the tyranny of squires and capitalists, refusing to their tenants and their servants the enjoyment of the Sabbath and freedom to worship God. And we see the tyranny of working men, compelling their fellows to connive at crime, and enforcing compliance with unreasonable rules, often by means of the greatest cruelty. These things we know, and we mourn over them. We long to see them all redressed. We long to see the rich less stiff, and reserved, and haughty. We long to secure for cottages and cabins, not only the Christmas dole, but the kind words and the friendly recognition, and the occasional call. We long to see toleration and fair play. We long to see industry and a competency convertible terms; and we long to see the laborious classes kindly affectioned one to another, and respectful of the rights and the feelings of their hard-working brethren. And on every side we long to see more magnanimity, more confidence, and more mutual forbearance.

But we have no faith in any social reform which overlooks the fact that man is a fallen being. Though we had never read it in the Bible, we think we could read it in the world,

that man is no longer what a holy Creator made him. *His heart is not right with God, nor is it right with his fellows.* And every ameliorating scheme which overlooks this twofold depravity is sure to end in frustration.

For many ages the mechanical world laboured to create a perpetual motion. As soon as a man had learned a little algebra, or a little of the art of engine-making, he attacked this doughty problem. And you may have seen some of the quaint contrivances which resulted from these attempts; cylinders revolving to ever-falling weights within them, and polished balls descending a self-restoring incline. But as discovery advanced, it was found that all these efforts were based on a false assumption: that they forgot the force called **FRICITION**. And as it is now generally conceded that the discoverer of this sleepless mechanism will be the first man who annihilates the attraction of matter, perpetual motion is reserved for the amusement of those eccentric geniuses who are best kept from mischief by a perpetual puzzle, and is seldom studied except in such colleges as Hanwell and St. Luke's.

But the problem which has been abandoned in physics is now revived in the domain of ethics, and people ask, "How are we to create within the race a constant progress towards perfection? Taking man as he is, and taking such aids as he can himself supply, how are we to abolish misery, and make the earth a second Paradise?" And many solutions have been offered. The press teems with them. One day last summer we read the plan most popular. The brilliant writer proposes that the working men of France should resolve themselves, or that Government should group them, into huge industrial families, for five francs apiece, working eight hours a day;

leaving it to each man's sense of honour how busily he shall labour, and requiring the clever and the diligent to support the stupid and the lazy. And when we read it, we said to ourselves, "Perpetual motion once more! This sanguine projector has overlooked friction. The scheme might answer with angelic operatives; but if tried in a world like ours, there are two things which will bring it to a speedy stand-still: the one is man's irreligion; the other is his selfishness. He would need to be a true philanthropist who would work with a steady eye to his neighbour's welfare; and he would need to be a God-fearing man who would persist to labour when he knew that, if he slept or played, his neighbours would labour for him." And, curiously enough, the same day brought an American paper of May 13, where, amongst other news, we read, "While Socialism is going up in Europe, it is going down in this country. The Northampton Association of Industry was abandoned, after having incurred a debt of 40,000 dollars, and Hopedale has relinquished the community principle, and goes upon the individual plan." And so must it ever be, till the two grand obstacles are done away. Till irreligion is exchanged for piety, and till selfishness is superseded by brotherly love, the world must proceed on the individual plan. And till then, Hopedale must count upon many disappointments, and old Discord will resume his reign in the halls of each New Harmony.

Some people once built a bridge; but it was scarcely erected when it tumbled down. They tried it a second time with no better success. And a third time they changed the plan, and took every precaution, and allowed a long interval for the mortar to harden; but no sooner had they removed

the centring than up sprang the key-stone, and in bulged the arches, and with a crash and a plunge the wholesale ruin poured into the tide below. On this, a council of practical men was convened. The architect came, armed with his plans so prettily drawn, which he flourished as on a field-day a marshal will flourish his bâton. And rival architects came, not so much to suggest, as to enjoy a little quiet exultation. But the man of skill, and the main hope of the conclave, was a civil engineer from the capital. For a long time he said nothing; but he had evidently scanned it all in a single glance, and it was clear that he was only tracing symbols in the dust with his cane, till the common herd had talked themselves out, and he should be summoned to pronounce his oracle. "Of course," was that oracle, "the span is too wide, and the ellipsis by far too eccentric." "Impossible," cried the horrified architect; "the first span had arches as round as the Roman, and it went like a house of cards." This by no means shook the judgment of the man of skill; but it emboldened a plain man, who once wrought as a mason in that country-side, but who had saved a little money, and was now doing business on his own behalf. "Truly, sirs, I wonder you think of nothing but arches, and abutments, and spans. Just look at that brick;" and so saying, in his great hand he crushed a fragment as if it were touchwood or toadstool. "I never knew a brick come from these fields which would bear the weight of its neighbour. It is not the fault of the plan; it is all the blame of the bricks." And it would be well if projectors in politics and morals adverted more to *the strength of their materials*. Like bricks from the same kiln, some specimens of human nature may be better than others; but in building a social

structure for Britain or the world, you must look not to picked samples, but to the ordinary run. You must look not to patriots, and saints, and the martyrs of favourite schemes, but you must look at your neighbours, and your shopmates, and the mass of your fellow-townersmen, and say if you are prepared to cast away all your present securities for peace and comfort, and fling yourself entirely on the honour of each and the charities of all? For if you distrust your neighbours as they are, no new arrangement into groups or *ateliers*, into phalanxes or cones, will make them trustworthy. A few bad bricks will spoil the finest arch; but the finest arch will not convert to marble or adamant blocks of untempered clay.

We love our fellow-men, and we long for their greater happiness; but so profoundly do we believe that "the imagination of man's heart is only evil," so persuaded are we that our world as yet contains little loyalty to God, and little love of man to man, that we have no faith in any self-restoring system. It is not a new construction which society needs, so much as new material. Nor can we promise ourselves a political millennium. Doubtless it is the duty of every citizen to give efficiency to such good government as he enjoys; and it is the duty of every state to aim at constitutional optimism; to seek such a code of laws, and such a distribution of power, as will make it easiest for the citizens to do what is right, and most difficult to do what is wrong. But there is no magic in political change. No form of government, republican, representative, or despotic, can cure the real complaint of our species. No law can change vice into virtue, or give to guilt the joys of innocence. No ruler can make the atheist happy, or kindle a blessed hope in that mephitic mind which has

quenched its own lamp of immortality. When Hercules put on the poisoned robe, it did not matter where he went. No change of climate, no breezy height, no balmy sky, could lull the venom in his fiery veins. Restless and roaming, he wandered to and fro, and raged at everything ; but the real quarrel was with his tainted self, and the change which would have relieved his misery would have been a migration from his own writhing nerves and stounding bones. And let a man of idle or immoral habits, or let an ill-assorted family, try all the constitutions in the world, or let a new constitution come to their own country once a year, and they will soon discover that to a guilty conscience or a dissolute character, political day-springs bring no healing. Legislation contains no charm —no spell for converting personal or domestic wretchedness into virtue and tranquillity ; and so long as a man is entangled in his own corruption—so long as he wears the poisoned vest of inherent depravity, “ he may change the place but he cannot cheat the pain.”

Is there then, you will ask, no hope for society ? Is the present routine of selfishness, oppression, and suffering, to go on for ever ? Assuredly not. But it will come to an end in no other way except that which God has defined and foretold. It will end when He himself interposes. Till then, visionaries, amiable or atheistic, may each propound his panacea ; but, alas ! the plague of society is too virulent for any medicine native to our earth. And, no doubt, elaborate attempts will be made, and associations will be formed, with a view to counteract the dispersive elements in human nature. Influential leaders, poetical statesmen, and discarded projectors, will say, “ Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose

top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth ;" but the feuds and the jargon which confounded the Plain of Shinar will prove fatal to Babel the Second. And it is not till the Prince of Peace shall commence His reign of righteousness, and, simultaneous with His enthronement, the Spirit of God shall mollify the minds of men, that "violence" shall vanish from our earth, and "wasting and destruction" from within its borders. And when that day comes—when, by the direct interference of the Holy Spirit, man's enmity to God is converted into allegiance and love, and man's selfishness is drowned in kindness and good-will, many of the results for which men at present sigh, will no longer need perilous experiments, but will develope of their own accord. When the years are all one Pentecost, and the world one Christian family, none will lack, and, if they please, people may then have "all things in common."* "For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations."

And in the meanwhile the reader may secure his own happiness without overturning an empire or new-moulding society. Like Caspar Rauchbilder, you run the risk of losing some solid and immediate advantages whilst musing on remote and wholesale reformations. The present state of society may be vicious ; but in the most essential matters your Creator has rendered you independent of society. By making you the custodian of your own soul, he has made you

* Acts 2 and 4.

the keeper of your own comfort. And if you be wise you will go so far on the individual plan as to study the Gospel, and seek the one thing needful for yourself. So far as you are concerned, that Gospel is a personal message. To you and me, my brother, God offers a personal salvation. And if we believe that Gospel, and live godly, righteous, and sober in the world, whatever be the state of society, we shall secure our personal happiness here and hereafter. Perhaps, too, we shall then be able to do something in order to mitigate the misery and increase the happiness of those around us.



An Ideal.

—o—

WHILE the grey mists of early dawn
 Were lingering round the hill,
 And the dew was still upon the flowers,
 And the earth lay calm and still,
 A winged Spirit came to me,
 Noble, and radiant, and free.

Folding his blue and shining wings,
 He laid his hand on mine.
 I know not if I felt, or heard
 The mystic word divine,
 Which woke the trembling air to sighs,
 And shone from out his starry eyes.

The word he spoke, within my heart
 Stirr'd life unknown before,
 And cast a spell upon my soul
 To chain it evermore ;
 Making the cold dull earth look bright,
 And skies flame out in sapphire light.

When noon reel'd from the heavens, and man
 Through busy day toil'd on,
 My Spirit droop'd his shining wings ;
 His radiant smile was gone ;
 His voice had ceas'd, his grace had flown,
 His hand grew cold within my own.

Bitter, oh, bitter tears, I wept,
 Yet still I held his hand,
Hoping with vague unreasoning hope :
 I would not understand
That this pale Spirit never more
Could be what he had been before.

Could it be so ? My heart stood still ;
 Yet he was by my side.
I strove ; but my despair was vain ;
 Vain, too, was love and pride.
Could he have changed to me so soon ?
My day was only at its noon.

Now stars are rising one by one,
 And evening shades are here ;
Near me a household spirit waits,
 With tender loving care ;
He speaks and smiles, but never sings,
Long since he lost his shining wings.

With thankful true content, I know
 This is the better way.
Is not a faithful Spirit mine—
 Mine still—at close of day ?
Yet will my foolish heart repine
For that bright morning dream of mine.

Under the Palms.

—o—

“A motion from the river won,
 Ridged the smoothed level, bearing on
 My shallop through the star-strewn calm,
 Until another night in night
 I entered, from the clearer light,
 Embowered vaults of pillar'd palm.”



HE only cosmopolitan and a poet, Humboldt, divides the earth by beauties, and celebrates as dearest to him, and first fascinating him to travel, the climate of palms. The palm is the type of the tropics, and when the great Alexander marched triumphing through India, some Hindoo suspecting the sweetest secret of Bramah, distilled a wine from the palm, the glorious fantasy of whose intoxication no poet records.

I knew a palm-tree upon Capri. It stood in select society of shining fig-leaves and lustrous oleanders; it overhung the balcony, and so looked, far overleaning, down

upon the blue Mediterranean. Through the dream-mists of southern Italian noons, it looked up the broad bay of Naples and saw vague Vesuvius melting away; or at sunset the isles of the Syrens, whereon they singing sat and wooed Ulysses as he went; or in the full May moonlight the oranges of Sorrento shone across it, great and golden, permanent planets of that delicious dark. And from the Sorrento where Tasso was born, it looked across to pleasant Posylippo, where Virgil is buried, and to stately Ischia. The palm of Capri saw all that was fairest and most famous in the Bay of Naples.

A wandering poet, whom I knew, sang a sweet song to the palm, as he dreamed in the moonlight upon that balcony. But it was only the free-masonry of sympathy. It was only syllabled moonshine. For the palm was a poet too, and all palms are poets.

Yet, when I asked the bard what the palm-tree sang in its melancholy measures of waving, he told me that not Vesuvius, nor the Syrens, nor Sorrento, nor Tasso, nor Virgil, the stately Ischia, nor all the broad blue beauty of Naples bay, was the theme of that singing. But partly it sang of a river for ever flowing, and of cloudless skies, and green fields that never faded, and the mournful music of water-wheels, and the wild monotony of a tropical life—and partly of the yellow silence of the desert, and of drear solitudes inaccessible, and of wandering caravans and lonely men. Then of gardens, overhanging rivers, that roll gorgeous-shored through Western fancies—of gardens in Baghdad watered by the Euphrates and the Tigris, whereof it was the fringe and darling ornament — of oases in those sere sad deserts where it

over-fountained fountains, and every leaf was blessed. More than all, of the great Orient universally, where no tree was so abundant, so loved, and so beautiful.

When I lay under that palm tree in Capri in the May moonlight, my ears were opened, and I heard all that the poet had told me of its song.

Perhaps it was because I came from Rome, where the Holy week comes into the year as Christ entered Jerusalem, over palms. For in the magnificence of St. Peter's, all the pomp of the most pompous of human institutions is on one day characterised by the palm. The Pope borne upon his throne, as is no other monarch,—with wide-waving Flabella attendant, moves, blessing the crowd through the great nave. All the red-legged cardinals follow, each of whose dresses would build a chapel, so costly are they, and the crimson-crowned Greek patriarch with long silken black beard, and the crew of motley which the Roman clergy is, crowded after in shining splendour.

No ceremony of Imperial Rome had been more imposing, and never witnessed in a temple more imperial. But pope, patriarchs, cardinals, bishops, ambassadors, and all the lesser glories, bore palm-branches in their hands. Not veritable palm-branches, but their imitation in turned yellow wood; and all through Rome that day, the palm-branch was waving and hanging. Who could not see its beauty, even in the turned yellow wood? Who did not feel it was a sacred tree as well as romantic?

For palm-branches were strewn before Jesus as he rode into Jerusalem, and for ever since the palm symbolizes peace. Wherever a grove of palms waves in the low moonlight or

starlight wind, it is the celestial choir chanting peace on earth, good-will to men. Therefore is it the foliage of the old religious pictures. Mary sits under a palm, and the saints converse under palms, and the prophets prophesy in their shade, and cherubs float with palms over the martyr's agony. Nor among pictures is there any more beautiful than Correggio's "Flight into Egypt," wherein the golden-haired angels put aside the palm-branches, and smile sunnily through, upon the lovely mother and the lovely child.

The palm is the chief tree in religious remembrance and religious art. It is the chief tree in romance and poetry. But its sentiment is always eastern, and it always yearns for the East. In the West it is an exile, and pines in the most sheltered gardens. Among western growths in the western air, it is as unsphered as Hafiz in a temperance society. Yet, of all western shores it is happiest in Sicily, for Sicily is only a bit of Africa drifted westward. There is a soft southern strain in the Sicilian skies, and the palms drink its sunshine like dew. Upon the tropical plain behind Palermo, among the sun-sucking aloes, and the thick, shapeless cactuses, like elephants and rhinoceroses enchanted into foliage, it grows ever gladly. For the aloe is of the East, and the prickly pear, and upon that plain the Saracens have been, and the palm sees the Arabian arch, and the Oriental sign-manual stamped upon the land.

In the Villa Serra di Falco, within sound of the vespers of Palermo, there is a palm beautiful to behold. It is like a Georgian slave in a pasha's harem. Softly shielded from eager winds, gently throned upon a slope of richest green, fringed with brilliant and fragrant flowers, it stands separate

and peculiar in the odorous garden air. Yet it droops and saddens, and bears no fruit. Vain is the exquisite environment of foreign fancies. The poor slave has no choice but life. Care too tender will not suffer it to die. Pride and admiration surround it with the best beauties, and feed it upon the warmest sun. But I heard it sigh as I passed. A wind blew warm from the East, and it lifted its arms hopelessly, and when the wind, love-laden with most subtle sweetness, lingered, loth to fly, the palm stood motionless upon its little green mound, and the flowers were so fresh and fair—and the leaves of the trees so deeply hued, and the native fruit so golden and glad upon the boughs—that the still warm garden air seemed only the silent, voluptuous sadness of the tree; and had I been a poet my heart would have melted in song for the proud, pining palm.

But the palms are not only poets in the West, they are prophets as well. They are like heralds sent forth upon the farthest points to celebrate to the traveller the glories they foreshow. Like spring birds they sing a summer unfading, and climes where Time wears the year as a queen a rosary of diamonds. The mariner, eastward-sailing, hears tidings from the chance palms that hang along the southern Italian shore. They call out to him across the gleaming calm of a Mediterranean noon, “Thou happy mariner, our souls sail with thee.”

The first palm undoes the West. The Queen of Sheba and the Princess Shemselnihar look then upon the most Solomon of Howadjis. So far the Orient has come—not in great glory, not handsomely, but as Rome came to Britain in Roman soldiers. The crown of Imperial glory glittered yet and only

upon the seven hills, but a single ray had penetrated the northern night; and what the golden house of Nero was to a Briton contemplating a Roman soldier, is the East to the Howadji first beholding a palm.

At Alexandria you are among them. Do not decry Alexandria as all Howadji do. To my eyes it was the illuminated initial of the Oriental chapter. Certainly it reads like its heading—camels, mosques, bazaars, turbans, baths, and chibouques: and the whole East rows out to you, in the turbaned and fluttering-robed rascal who officiates as your pilot and moors you in the shadow of palms under the Pasha's garden. Malign Alexandria no more, although you do have your choice of camels or omnibuses to go to your hotel, for when you are there and trying to dine, the wild-eyed Bedouin who serves you, will send you deep into the desert by his masquerading costume and his eager, restless eye, looking as if he would momently spring through the window, and plunge into the desert depths. These Bedouin or Arab servants are like steeds of the sun for carriage horses. They fly, girt with wild fascination, for what will they do next?

As you donkey out of Alexandria to Pompey's Pillar, you will pass a beautiful garden of palms, and by sunset nothing is so natural as to see only those trees. Yet the fascination is lasting. The poetry of the first exiles you saw, does not perish in the presence of the nation, for those exiles stood beckoning like angels at the gate of Paradise, sorrowfully ushering you into the glory whence themselves were outcasts for ever; and as you curiously looked in passing, you could not believe that their song was truth, and that the many would be as beautiful as the one.

Thenceforward, in the land of Egypt, palms are perpetual. They are the only foliage of the Nile, for we will not harm the modesty of a few mimosas and sycamores by foolish claims. They are the shade of the mud villages, marking their site in the landscape, so that the groups of palms are the number of villages. They fringe the shore and the horizon. The sun sets golden behind them, and birds sit swinging upon their boughs, and float glorious among their trunks; on the ground beneath are flowers; the sugar-cane is not harmed by the ghostly shade, nor the tobacco, and the yellow flowers of the cotton-plant star its dusk at evening. The children play under them, the old men crone and smoke, the donkeys graze, the surly bison and the conceited camels repose. The old Bible pictures are ceaselessly painted, but with softer, clearer colours than in the venerable book.

The palm-grove is always enchanted. If it stretch inland too alluringly, and you run ashore to stand under the bending boughs to share the peace of the doves swinging in the golden twilight, and to make yourself feel more scripturally, at least to surround yourself with sacred emblems, having small other hope of a share in the beauty of holiness—yet you will never reach the grove. You will gain the trees, but it is not the grove you fancied—that golden gloom will never be gained—it is an endless El Dorado gleaming along these shores. The separate columnar trunks ray out in foliage above, but there is no shade of a grove, no privacy of a wood, except, indeed, at sunset,

“A privacy of glorious light.”

Each single tree has so little shade that the mass standing at

wide ease can never create the shady solitude, without which there is no grove.

But the eye never wearies of palms more than the ear of singing birds. Solitary they stand upon the sand, or upon the level fertile land in groups, with a grace and dignity that no tree surpasses. Very soon the eye beholds in their forms the original type of the columns which it will afterwards admire in the temples. Almost the first palm is architecturally suggestive, even in those Western gardens—but to artists living among them and seeing only them! Men's hands are not delicate in the early ages, and the fountain fairness of the palms is not very flowingly fashioned in the capitals, but in the flowery perfection of the Parthenon the palm triumphs. The forms of those columns came from Egypt, and that which was the suspicion of the earlier workers, was the success of more delicate designing. So is the palm enwound with our art and poetry and religion, and of all trees would the Howadji be a palm, wide-waving peace and plenty, and feeling his kin to the Parthenon and Raffaelle's pictures.

But nature is absolute taste, and has no pure ornament, so that the palm is no less useful than beautiful. The family is infinite and ill understood. The cocoa-nut, date, and sago, are all palms. Ropes and sponges are wrought of the tough interior fibre. The various fruits are nutritious; the wood, the roots, and the leaves are all consumed. It is one of nature's great gifts to her spoiled sun-darlings. Whoso is born of the sun is made free of the world. Like the poet Thomson, he may put his hands in his pockets and eat apples at leisure.

I do not find that the Egyptians ever deified the palm, as some of them did the crocodile. And therein I find a want of that singular shrewdness of perception which the poet Martineau perpetually praises in that antique people. It was a miserably cowardly thing to make a god of a dragon, who dined and supped upon you and your friends whenever he could catch you; who did nothing but stretch his scales upon the sand in the sun, and left only suspicious musk-balls as a legacy to his worshippers. To deify that mole-eyed monster, and then carefully embalm the dead abomination, looked very like fear, spite of Thothmes, Psammeticus, and Rameses the Great. For meanwhile, the land entertained angels unawares. They were waving gracious wings over the green fields, and from the womb of plenty dropped the sweet nutritious dates, and from the plumage of those wings were houses thatched. And every part of the beautiful body, living or dead, was a treasure to the mole-eyed crocodile-worshippers. The land was covered with little gods, whispering peace and plenty, but they were no more deified than the sweet stray thoughts of the villagers. Indeed, Poet Harriet, your erudite Egyptians went out of their way to worship devils.

They do better even to this day, higher up the river. Along the remote shores of the White Nile, are races wild and gentle, who extract the four lower front teeth for beauty, and worship the great trees. And truly, in the tropics, the great tree is a great god. Far outspreading shielding arms, he folds his worshippers from the burning sun, and wrestles wondrously with the wildest gales. Birds build in the sweet obscurity of his shade. Fruit ripens and falls unintended from his beneficent boughs. At midnight the winds converse with him, and he

hides the stars. He outlives generations, and is a cherished tradition.

There is a godlike god! A great tree could proselytize even among Christians. The Boston elm has moved hearts that Park Street and Brattle Street have never intenerated. There is a serious, sensible worship! The god hath duration, doth nothing harm, and imparts very tangible blessings. The Egyptian worship of the crocodile is very thin, measured by this Dinka religion of the tree. And is the crocodile's a loftier degree of life than the trees?

It is the date-palm which is so common and graceful in Egypt. Near Asyoot, the ascending Howadji sees for the first time the Dôm palm. This is a heavier, huskier tree, always forked. It has a very tropical air, and solves the mystery of gingerbread nuts. For if the hard brown fruit of the Dôm be not the hard brown nuts which our credulous youth ascribed to the genius of the baker at the corner, they are certainly the type of those gingered blisses; and never did the Howadji seem to himself more hopelessly lost in the magic of Egypt and the East, than when he plucked gingerbread from a palm-tree.

The Dôm is coarse by the side of the feathery date-palm, like a clumsy brake among maiden-hair ferns. It is tropically handsome, but is always the plebeian palm. It has clumsy hands and feet, and, like a frowsy cook, gawks in the land. But, plumed as a prince and graceful as a gentleman, stands the date; and whoever travels among palms, travels in good society. Southward stretches the *Ibis*, and morning and evening sees few other trees. They sculpture themselves upon memory more fairly than upon these old columns. The wave

of their boughs henceforward, wherever you are, will be the wave of the magician's wand, and you will float again upon the Nile, and wonder how were shaped the palms upon the shore when Adam sailed with Eve down the rivers of Eden.



The Tailor Man.

—o—

RIGHT jollie is ye tailyor man
 As annie man can be;
 And all ye daye upon ye benche
 He worketh merrilie.

And oft ye while in pleasant wise
 He coileth up his limbes,
 He singeth songs ye like whereof
 Are not in Watts his Hymns.

And yet he toileth all ye while
 His merrie catches rolle,
 As true unto ye needle as
 Ye needle to ye pole.

What cares ye valiant tailyor man
 For all ye cowarde feares?
 Against ye scissors of ye Fates
 He points his mightie sheares.

He heedeth not ye ancient jests
 That witlesse sinners use:
 What feareth ye bold tailyor man
 Ye hissing of a goose?

He pulleth at ye busie threade
 To feede his lovinge wife,
 And eke his childe; for unto them
 It is ye threade of life.

He cutteth well ye riche man's coate;
 And with unseemlie pride
 He sees ye little waistcoate in
 Ye cabbage bye his side.

Meanwhile ye tailyor man his wife,
 To labour nothinge loth,
 Sits bye with readie hands to baste
 Ye urchin and ye cloth.

Full happie is ye tailyor man;
 Yet he is often tryed,
 Lest he from fulness of ye dimes
 Wax wanton in his pride.

Full happie is ye tailyor man;
 And yet he hath a foe,
 A cunning enemie that none
 So well as tailyors knowe.

It is ye slipperie customer
 Who goes his wicked wayes,
 And weares ye honeste tailyor's coate,
 But never, never payes!







